

*Transfer to
Music
5-10-65*

THE
Quarterly Musical Review.

EXAMINATIONS.

FROM cradle to grave all human beings are subject to a persistent and searching examination. Life is, in every way, a state of continued probation; with penalties for incompetency, for carelessness, and for any sort of failure.

Beside the highest and most important tests, which are unceasingly applied, and which determine never-ending issues, we are ever passing through ordeals which try our fitness for the smaller duties devolving upon us. In youth we enjoy the advantage of a more visible help than in after life, and are brought into direct contact with heedful and loving tutors and guides, who note the growth of those qualities, the increase of that knowledge, and the expansion of those powers which may, they hope, enable us to fight our way happily and successfully.

In adult years our individual, domestic, and social responsibilities, and the necessities of our respective callings, impose upon us a constant watchfulness, and judge us in a thousand ways.

In each stage of our career our examination is partly individual or solitary, and partly competitive or proportional: we are measured against ourselves as we were at some earlier time; and also in relation to others. In boyhood, or in manhood, a solitary career is dangerous, and leads to utter misconception of strength, of firmness, of quickness, and of general ability. Just as the honest bearing of the healthy discipline of labour is not a curse, but, by patient and cheerful submission is transformed into a blessing, so our very trials are safeguards: in our hardest struggles we are most secure, because most alert and watchful.

But there are different kinds of tests: and, among those of man's devising, some are wise, and others are very unwise; some are suitable

and helpful, whereas others are most unnatural and, therefore, quite useless, if not positively harmful. We may be subjected—and, in our school-days, we often are subjected—to mere pedantic, foolish, wasteful examinations, not in the slightest degree forwarding, but tending to mislead us as to the actual or the relative importance of the whole scope, or of the details, of the subjects of those trials.

Frequently, and very justly, the complaint is made against our methods of school inspection that they display the semblance, or affectation, of learning on the part of those who conduct them; rather than serve to elicit, or impart, any really useful knowledge from, or to, those for whose edification they, professedly, are designed. Instead of stimulating thought—at once testing the student and showing him glimpses of a fresh and helpful light—they often are mere traps, silly catch-points, full of the fancies of specialists, or of entirely technical difficulties, pervaded by the whims of narrow-minded dogmatists. Far from affording real lessons of the best kind (as they ought to do) they are puzzles, pitfalls calculated to trip an unwary student.

No one who is not a good teacher could be a good examiner: for the same clear perception of the general meaning of the subject, of its intrinsic and its relative importance, of its chief lesson and of its collateral points, is necessary; and a like disregard of all doubtful or unimportant details should be maintained. Indeed, the two are but guides of like kind, stationed at different points of a student's career to render his path doubly secure, to protect him from all chance of misdirection, and to give him every possible help. The guides must work together: any antagonism must be fatal to usefulness. It is true that they must ever be watchful; but not with an idea of the one checking the other. An examiner actuated by the notion that *his* authority, or *his* learning, or *his* experience, must be displayed, is the greatest of possible hindrances; and soon finds that the friction caused by his misapprehension of his position, and its duties, jerks the whole system out of gear.

Nothing is more prejudicial to students than the perversity with which some teachers and examiners delight to steep young faculties in the somnolency of exhausted and practically obsolete systems; always turning them to the past, pointing backward, extolling Egyptian or any other kind of darkness rather than the light of truth; investing everything that is old and worn-out with a mysterious halo of sanctity. Whatever kind, or degree, of information may, at any stage of a child's

career, be imparted, it should be as clear and definite as possible ; an absolute knowledge, not a prescribed faith. Even the history of the development of the perception of a truth is a secondary matter, and should be deferred. First the truth itself should be demonstrated and engrafted in the young mind ; and only when that is accomplished may any argument respecting it, or any history of its recognition, be of use. A thousand examples of the non-perception of this by teachers of the highest celebrity, and by examiners of supreme authority, might be adduced. There is no subject—however popular in our schools—that is not begun at the wrong end just as often as at the right. The inculcation of any kind of knowledge is constantly thwarted by the lack of a right method, by the want of a clear appreciation of the want, and of the simple way of supplying that want. Always there is in our plans a tendency to loftiness of sound, to pretension rather than to simplicity, a proneness to lecture, to orate, rather than to clear the path and carefully to lead young feet along it.

And, naturally, the evils of a faulty style of teaching and of a defective system of examination act and react, one upon the other. In each a certain show of efficiency is desired ; and so a danger is incurred of an ever-increasing divergence from a true and honest course. Few things are more difficult than to keep ever in mind the legitimate and ultimate object of all instruction ; and to test fairly our progress toward that expanded and wide-reaching simplicity of thought which forms the real goal. To produce a semblance of acquirement is so very much easier than to foster the gradual growth of real knowledge that constant care is necessary in order to prevent an undue exaltation of method, of subordinate and unimportant trivialities ; and the tendency of every man to exalt his pet processes of thought and system needs to be checked by other influences. Only in the multitude of counsellors is there any real and attested wisdom. Thus, not only must the two sides of a tutorial scheme be so well adjusted as powerfully and continually to help one the other, but the arrangement of each department—the active and persevering inculcation of knowledge, and the continual gauging of the results of the process—must be matured by earnest and varied study and by well-tried experience and adaptation. No single teacher of any single subject could, unaided, arrive at an absolutely perfect mode of imparting the knowledge which he may possess even in the very highest possible degree. He may always gain something by contemplating his subject from other (and even lower) stand-points. The smallest subject

is beyond the largest mind. How fatal, then, the idea that any specialist is really a thoroughly educated man ; that, in largeness of comprehension, in generalness of survey, in calmness of judgment, in expansion of liberalised intellect, he may be trusted implicitly. The keen delight with which a man ardently follows a subject that fascinates him is in some (not in all) ways the very reverse of true education : rather, it is the binding tighter of chains that fetter, the grosser warping of faculties already bent.

And, if arbitrary methods of direct teaching are inadmissible, still less wise is a dogmatic and narrow style of examination. The stimulant should be nicely proportioned to the work it has to do. There must be unanimity of purpose, both as to the haven to be reached and as to the straight course toward that rest.

Consequently, the merit and efficiency of any examination scheme (as of any plan of general training) may be assured only by the assent of a considerable number of qualified, tried, and successful teachers. No one else is fitted even to form an opinion as to what is required ; still less concerning the best mode of attaining the most desirable system.

Such a scheme has—at least in respect to the science of music—never yet been fully reached ; however earnestly and honestly it may, sometimes, have been sought. Until quite recently no general assent of musicians to anything respecting their Art, or its culture (or, indeed, to anything affecting the consolidation and union and welfare of its teachers) could be obtained : there was no way of getting it. The isolation of the profession forbade it. Consequently, the right of examination was assumed by an institution, or person, desiring publicity, authority, and *fees*: and musicians, generally, submitted humbly and deferentially, cap in hand. So long continued and so complete had that submission been, and so enervating an effect had it produced, that a little time back—instead of hailing with a shout of delight the prospect of greater liberty—a perfectly hysterical amazement was expressed at the mere suggestion of a reformation of the august, the sacred fraternity of examiners. Reform the examiners ! Argue with the dons !! What temerity !!!

And yet, who so likely to need reform as the dons ? Do we not all grow old apace ; musicians faster than other men ? For what men cling so tenaciously to old, unsupported, and unsupportable notions ; or insist more pugnaciously upon the absolute adoration of rules that

never regulated the practical work of any but the veriest manufacturers of music? In connection with any other subject could we find accredited, popular, blindly-followed teachers pretending to believe in a perfection of knowledge attained two or three centuries ago? Even in the training of bishops Greek verbs are getting a little out of repute. Why then should we continue to babble of "Greek scales," concerning which we know absolutely nothing?

Certainly! "Reform the examiners" with all celerity and thoroughness. It is the most pressing necessity. They stop the way. We cannot get along, because of their obstinate adherence to idle superstitions, and dry-as-dust fads.

The formation, and the wonderful success of the National Society of Professional Musicians have rendered possible the long-needed reform. The society has, already, united in friendly intercourse our busiest teachers throughout the country; and has, thereby, facilitated the ready interchange of opinion concerning the state of musical learning and the defects of our old arrangements and unsystematic systems.

Much has, recently, been said about the registration of teachers of music, and concerning the right of the public to have some kind of security for the capabilities and acquirements of those to whom they intrust the artistic tuition of young people. No other students are left so unprotected, and so entirely at the mercy of charlatans. A very large proportion of so-called teachers of music consists of people who have been unsuccessful in business, or are reduced in pecuniary condition, or who desire to eke out a scanty income at the expense (in every sense of the term) of the young and simple. Perhaps the knowledge of continental feeling on this point may stimulate our leaders to some action tending to ameliorate the present evil state of things. To argue that, like all other instructors, the teachers of music should prove their capacity may not excite much attention. But, surely, our love of foreign example should cause us to note recent German action. Within the last few months the municipal authorities of Bonn have issued a new regulation obliging all private teachers of music to take out a licence certifying their competency to instruct.

Probably we shall never get so far as that: and, indeed, it is scarcely desirable. But it, certainly, is to the interest of intending teachers to prove their right, by submitting to such rigid examination as may suffice to satisfy those who have not sufficient knowledge of the art to judge for themselves concerning the acquirements of its professors.

The National Society of Professional Musicians has set about this work in the right spirit, and in a most business-like manner, by propounding a scheme of examinations calculated to supervise the education of students from the earliest to the most advanced stages. Crowned by a diploma guaranteeing that its gifted possessor is qualified to instruct, the different certificates granted by the society affirm a graded success in a well-considered course of instruction in the practice and theory of the art. No such plan could have been devised except as the result of a free interchange of thought among practised musicians: and the fact that the members of the society perceived and acknowledged that, of all the subjects to which their attention was required, none more earnestly and urgently demanded their care than the education of the rising generation, speaks well for their wisdom and far-sightedness. Upon the success of the examinations thus established our artistic progress will largely depend.

The registration of teachers could result only from substantial agreement as to the qualifications of those entrusted with the important duty of guiding students. Before we may be of one mind as to the teaching of an art we must arrive at a strict definition of the essential principles of that art. As a necessary antecedent to the moulding of a musician we must acknowledge the conditions to be fulfilled. Submission to a well-ordered system of examination *must*, therefore, and that in a few years, register in the most effectual and satisfactory manner, the capacity of all students and would-be teachers. No Act of Parliament, or lesser legislative enactment, could work with equal efficacy or fairness. Now that the great body of English teachers, and the life-long followers of the Divine art, are agreed as to what they want—having arrived at that agreement by no autocratic ruling, but by a frank interchange of opinion—nothing could, possibly, impede their progress, or the steady march of their work.

Foremost, among the good results of their labour, is the inestimable advantage to a student of an authoritative declaration of the judgment of experienced men as to the course the young disciple should pursue. No longer embarrassed by surrounding differences of opinion, and by the contradictions of innumerable advisers, he may confidently trust himself to the guidance now so beneficently afforded him. No help so great, so comforting, and so reliable has ever before been offered.

And this assistance is vouchsafed, not only to the earnest lover of music who desires to devote himself entirely to its influence and culture,

but, also, to amateurs of every grade. So far as their talent, opportunities, and perseverance may enable them to follow it, their true path is mapped out. At whatever stage they halt they may rest assured that they are on the right track; and may feel confident of no deviation whenever they resume their journey.

No confusion remains as to the importance of many of the ultra-conservative notions which have, so long, been allowed to retard progress. The dragging of young students through a most loose sort of history of the gradual developments of artistic insight (which has, with strange blindness, been so long permitted to dwarf our musicians, and to render their study a continued perplexity) is now, authoritatively, condemned. With infatuated persistence, teachers have been accustomed to present to the youngest neophyte—not a clear notion of absolute truth, but—a confused mass of dogmatic, and unsupported, rules. Before any firm ground was reached, or any power of perception or reasoning attained, children were plunged into the foggy atmosphere of mediæval obscurity. The history of a yet unexplained something was insisted upon as of vital importance. A chord and its tendencies, nay! even a scale and its influences could not be brought into question without its study being involved amid a heap of unimportant, more than doubtful, and always strongly disputed, matters. To be rid of problems of harmonic derivation, of finely-adjusted key-limits, of those ever-pursuing bugbears “Greek scales,” and, above all, of the mysterious sanctity of contrapuntal jargon, places the young student of to-day in a most enviable position compared with the starting-point of his predecessors; and lays him under a debt of gratitude toward those who have laboured to render his course clear, bright, and cheerful. From the very threshold of his study he may, now, go on his way rejoicing.

The catholicity of the system adopted by the National Society of Professional Musicians is admirable and complete. No Athanasian creed is enforced; no damnatory clauses remain to mar our statute book. The pursuit of knowledge may be attempted with the lifted eyes, the genial spirit, and the fearless resolution without which that pursuit must be vain. The broad outlines of the art are defined in a manner enabling the student to distinguish between immutable principles and non-essential details or hurtful crazes. Weaker brethren need no longer be perplexed and tripped by the stumbling-block of some loudly-stated dogma, hitherto so often insisted upon with a tenacity in inverse proportion to any possibility of demonstrating its truth. Actual musician-

ship is required from candidates, the power to *do* something, as evidence of appreciation of aural law; an acquaintance with the music of to-day rather than a dim perception of the meaning of the timid gropings of former pioneers in the art. The navigation of sounds is no longer embarrassed by the perplexities of an age when seamen feared to lose full sight of their homes; when each little (chromatic) current, each side-wind, they felt as a danger that caused them to tremble for their safety. Nothing could be more dissimilar than the fashion of what has been vaunted as the orthodox teaching of art, and the almost boundless freedom of its modern development; and nothing could be more absurdly miscalculated than the former as a preparation for the latter. Trained in absolutely unrippled waters, our unhappy students were turned out of the smooth, placid (and somewhat muddy) pond of their tutelage, to plunge without guidance into the rapids, the boiling eddies and the conflicting currents of an ever-tossing stream, restlessly rushing on in search of the ocean of truth. Our elder guides thought to teach us to use our limbs freely; not by gymnastic exercise and healthy development, but by wrapping them in the swathing-bands of helpless infancy.

The action of the associated musicians (whose recent conference in London, and in the southern and eastern provinces, has been such a wonderful success) has been natural and consistent. Stimulated by a keenly-felt want, the Society of Professional Musicians not only drew up lists of worthy English music, and classified that music for examination purposes, but compiled a book of questions and exercises to serve as an authoritative text-book for students, and as a guide in the acquirement of a really musicianly knowledge.

It has been announced that so much admirable native music has been unearthed that, shortly, fresh and vastly enlarged lists will be issued, accompanied by a stricter definition of the condition of the society's examinations in practical music.

But so rapidly and loyally have the teachers in different parts of the country adopted the scheme propounded by the society that it was deemed necessary at once to extend, and to some extent remodel, the text-book for examinations in the principles of music.

A sub-committee was appointed, consisting of experienced teachers of all schools and shades of opinion, well acquainted with all pre-existing systems of examination. An agreement was arrived at with respect to the ends to be aimed at, the errors to be avoided, and the

general principles to be maintained. An outline scheme was drafted, upon the details of which the members of the committee (with solicited and volunteered external aid) worked zealously. When the whole had been moulded into consistent shape, with the several parts balanced and matured, the work was scrutinised by unbiassed and highly qualified judges, and submitted to, and adopted by, the general council of the society, which consists of delegates from all the sections of the Association, or—what is entirely equivalent—from all parts of England.

A fair inspection of the newly-published work* could not fail to give the utmost pleasure to those who have so long awaited some evidence of modern and liberalised thought among those having authority over musical education. No names are given in connection with the book: but such information as has, repeatedly, been afforded at the meetings of the society, and at the recent conference in London, may, surely, be chronicled.

For the carrying out of the original idea, and the preparation of the first edition of the book, the society and the musical world were indebted to several eminent musicians, and specially to Dr. Fisher, who edited the questions and exercises on the grammar of music. Working upon the same basis the society has now systematized and greatly extended the scope of the work, and has been disinterestedly aided by many of its members. Mr. Arthur F. Smith (Mus. B. Cantab.) has, in addition to very great labour in perfecting the arrangement of the scheme, piloted the book through the press, and has recorded his grateful sense of highly-valued and unremitting assistance received from Mr. Arthur Page, F.C.O., from Dr. G. Marsden, and from many other gentlemen. The loyalty and unselfishness of the co-operators could not be too highly extolled: nor may the result of their labour be too warmly eulogized.

The plan of the book is admirably perspicuous. The precise requirements for each grade of a musical training are so clearly given that, apart altogether from examination purposes, the work must form a most valuable companion to any solitary student, and an admirable supply of well-devised questions, of melodies, of figured basses, of subjects for fugal treatment, of simple outlines of composition, and of themes for orchestration, for the use of teachers and lecturers.

The youngest students are required to prove their acquaintance

* "The National Society of Professional Musicians. Theoretical Examinations Questions, and Exercises." (Messrs. Novello, Ewer, & Co.)

with all the rudimentary matter necessary as a preparation for a study of harmony. Numerous questions upon notation, rhythm, the formation of scales and chords (without insistence upon any peculiar and unimportant derivative doctrine) are inserted, and test the possession by the candidates of what is properly called "preliminary" information.

In the second stage actual harmony commences, and is carried to a complete analysis of all forms of consonant triads, and of the chord of the minor seventh upon the dominant.

Following this, a year's study should enable a student to enter for the grade of certificate which requires a facility in the use of all combinations of minor sevenths with major, or minor, ninths.

In the fourth stage the student is occupied with the further study of discords, and exercised in those forms of part writing to which that study is a necessary preliminary. Pattern writing of the style *actually used by musicians* is exacted. Thus, the young musician is required to show a mastery over the materials of real music, and is emancipated from the bondage of an obsolete pedantry.

Finally, and before any right to teach the grammar of music is conferred, the student is tested in the most advanced developments of the treatment of sounds, in structural outline, in orchestration or the different modes of expressing musical ideas, in the capacity for original composition and for adopting and carrying on suggested thoughts.

In no previous work of the kind has the study of harmony been carried out with such completeness and unity of design; and been shown to be the one clue to all the treatment and effect of musical sounds.

It is stipulated that no one could be recognised as a teacher of the theory of music who does not show such power as an executive musician, of some kind, as enables him to form a very large acquaintance with classical works.

The theoretical examinations of the society are held annually (in all places where desired) on the third Saturday in June: practical examinations being held, under the direction of at least two eminent musicians, in such localities, and at such times, as may be generally convenient.

The questions and problems to be placed before the candidates by the general council of the society are selected immediately before the annual examinations: and every possible precaution is taken to insure absolute fairness. Every paper is inspected by, at least, two experienced musical grammarians having no connection whatever with that part of the country in which the candidate resides, and ignorant of the very name of the writer.

In each chapter of the examination book now under review the material is so varied, searching, and complete that no possibility of "coaching" could exist. It would be far easier to teach students thoroughly than to specially prepare for all emergencies an imperfectly trained candidate. The system adopted secures that no student may be puzzled by the unusual phraseology in which a perfectly simple matter is sometimes couched; or by the whim of an irresponsible examiner, more anxious to display his own pedantry than to ascertain the knowledge of his victim. This is an immense gain; and is, alone, worth all the trouble of the compilers of the book.

I have stated that the admission of duly qualified musicians into the ranks of the society, and the examination of the aspirants to musical knowledge will, in a very few years, practically register, not only the professional artists, but also the amateurs throughout the country, recording in most cases the exact degree of attainment. Thus that incorporation, or classification, of musicians (so eagerly desired by many) must result from the simple working of this earnest association, if only its members retain that loyalty to its aims and that enthusiasm in extending its operations which have hitherto so eminently characterised them.

It is neither probable nor desirable that the teaching of music may ever be restricted within narrow limits, or in any way unnecessarily fettered. But students are entitled to have some evidence of the qualifications of their guides. That evidence may easily be obtained by the voluntary submission of teachers to examination. To demand a registration, which could be granted only after some test of qualification, and to refuse, or neglect, to submit to that test betrays a lamentable inconsistency. It is the positive duty of every qualified musician to prove his acquirements: and when he asks for registration he acknowledges this duty. The examinations of the National Society of Professional Musicians offer the fairest and most thorough ordeal that could be devised or wished for: and they will, in time, effect the registration of the profession; and, probably, form a basis for actual legislation. But, apart altogether from that legislation, they amply suffice for that winnowing of teachers, that distinction between true merit and mere vain assumption, which is of far more importance, and far more in consonance with our English tone of feeling, than any penal enactment or legal disability.

HENRY HILES.

FIDELIO.

(From the German of Rudolph Bunge.)

IT was a misty gray winter's morning, the 20th November of the year 1805. The people were anxiously surging through the streets of that ancient imperial city into which seven days before the victorious French army had entered. The tidings of fresh taxes levied by the Emperor Napoleon passed, like ghosts, from house to house, raising alarm in palace as well as in cottage. A dense throng collected at the street corners, all intent on reading the huge placard in which the newly-appointed governor of Vienna exhorted the people to quiet and order whilst the warlike stores of the imperial city were being carried off by the French troops. Every one read the high-sounding proclamations—then so important, yet now long since forgotten—only a few gave so much as a glance at the tiny playbill directly underneath, which occupied to-day its accustomed place, and ran thus:—

ROYAL IMPERIAL THEATRE, VIENNA.

To-day, the 20th November, 1805,

FOR THE FIRST TIME,

LEONORE,

An Opera in 3 Acts from the French of Bouilly von
Sonnleithner. The Music by L. van Beethoven.

Who is this Beethoven, for whom Meister Paer's beautiful opera is not good enough, that he must needs again compose to the same text? No one knew, and no one cared, save a few of the initiated amateurs who, perhaps, here or there, in one of the numerous concerts, might have heard one of his sonatas. But on this particular day even these troubled themselves little about the playbill, and had already forgotten about the announcement of the new work, when the evening opened Polyhymnia's gates.

Alas for the poor unhappy opera! The Imperial Theatre in Vienna, in which it was to be given for the first time, lay in the suburb of

Wieden : where the curious inquirer may still find it under different auspices. To get so far was for the good Viennese folk, at this time, a downright impossibility : at any rate, they ran the risk of finding their houses ransacked in their absence, and only a few of the most intimate, and at the same time most adventurous, of the composer's friends ventured beyond the comparatively safe precincts of the town, whilst the worthy suburbans were so overwhelmed with French billets that they had enough to do at home in providing for the foreign troops. No wonder that the whole of the pit of the theatre, the stalls and upper rows of boxes, were occupied by French soldiers, who, having been long absent from Paris, seized this opportunity of once again being present at an Imperial operatic representation, even though it were not French. A few boxes in the first row were occupied by Viennese notabilities—amongst them the princely families of Lichnowsky and Lichtenstein and the Counts Braun, Brunswick, Thun, and Erdödy, Beethoven's most intimate friends. His brother, too, was there in a semi-dark box, when the composer, at that time thirty-five years of age, stepped up to the desk and gave the signal for the tuning of the instruments. All eyes were fixed on him alone, the strong broad-shouldered man, with the remarkable head crowned with a profusion of long wild hair, who turned now to this, now to that side, whilst he enjoined upon individual musicians particular care in certain places. Then for the first time the bell sounded for his unique and never-surpassed opera to begin—that same bell whose ringing haunted him in his last feverish dreams as he lay dying.

The overture began, but the immense audience, and especially the foreign garrison, heard it coldly—not a hand moved. Beethoven and his masterpiece were judged. Half sorrowfully and half despising the verdict of an unsympathetic audience, he tapped with his *bâton* upon the prompter's box. Again the bell rings, the curtain rises. The stage represents the domestic interior of the gaoler Rocco. Again is developed that story of imprisonment and deliverance through a wife's fidelity, exactly as in the opera by Paer, so long known and admired ; only instead of the music adopted and sanctioned by all habitual theatre-goers, its place is taken by other music quite unknown, and to the greater number even unintelligible. Dangerous this, even though in the first scenes the composer had taken all possible pains to conform to the taste of the age for classically graceful and lively opera-music as introduced by Mozart. But the frequenter of the theatre, the good

citizen and paterfamilias, upon whose good humour Beethoven had wished to act through the marital concatenations in the opening numbers, was not present to-night, and the Imperial French soldiers, not even understanding the text, did not find the homely love scenes to their liking. The whole of the introductory scenes, containing the key to the whole opera, met with a complete *fiasco*, and the composer was in a frame of mind verging on despair, when at last his tutelary genius raised his mighty pinions, and again reconciled the master to his muse.

It was in *Fidelio* that the youthful Milder glorified the purest and highest kind of conjugal love, and this love, the centre of the whole opera, to which the gifted cantatrice gave the most perfect expression, entered into the master's heart with a healing touch.

With the wonderful climax of the Allegro, "Ich folg' dem innern Triebe," he at last wrung from the cold audience their first bestowal of applause. But what was that now to him? A grateful glance which he cast on the youthful singer expressed all that stirred within him, and then the chorus of prisoners, rising up from the dungeon, nebulous, as if tainted with prison air, broke forth with its sombre hymn to Freedom, as though in its unequal intervals struggling to break loose from bondage.

The curtain has fallen, and an *entr'acte* passed over coldly and without any friendly demonstrations to the composer, who sat, in a deep reverie, upon a bench in the orchestra, near to his desk, and turned his back on the audience. But, hark, the bell! The curtain again rises. The scene has changed. Whispers of admiration and satisfaction are heard in the house, as all eyes rest upon Florestan, the man in the dungeon, "who scarcely lives, and like a shadow moves." The fearful prison scene, where chains hang upon the pillars, and a grave is being dug in the ruined cistern—that was something for a melodramatic pit—such externals were capable of exciting an interest which was denied to the nobler parts of a work of art written by one of the greatest masters the world has ever seen.

Florestan began his great aria, "In des Lebens Frühlingstagen ist das Glück von mir entflohn," that unsurpassed work of art which is an opera in itself. But, alas! the scanty acclamations which it won amongst Beethoven's friends fell upon barren ground. The incensed master thereupon poured out his whole indignation upon the unfortunate tenor, whose rendering did not seem to him sufficiently fervent and sympathetic for this expressive music, so full of grief. The high notes

particularly did not please him, and seemed to the genius out of tune. From this moment there was no hope for Beethoven. He despaired of the success of his work, and growled imprecations now against the audience and now against the tenor.

Almost beside himself, he scarcely retained sufficient composure to direct, whilst suffering torments under feelings so totally opposite, the finale, that hymn to Joy. The performance over, he rushed out, out into the night, sighing deeply, and ran, as was his custom, for fully an hour through the dark streets, before he sought the final rest of home. His opera had proved an utter *fiasco*. And why? Because it was not understood. It had received its sentence in Vienna; and the public criticism—if we may so call spiteful animosity, ignorance, and lack of understanding—was no less ready to direct the arrows of scorn and ingratitude against the unfortunate composer, than he, irritated to the last degree, proved determined to withdraw his work after the third, almost equally unsuccessful, representation. How dogmatically and rancorously the whole of the Viennese critics at that time expressed themselves concerning the new work, may be gathered from a specimen from a journal devoted to art and *belles-lettres*, and which was read far and wide. The Viennese letter contained the following: "A short time ago the overture to *Fidelio* was given in the Augarten, and all impartial judges of music were agreed that anything so disconnected, so shrill, so confused, so absolutely revolting to the ear, has never been written. The most cutting modulations follow each other in truly terrible harmony, and some trivial ideas, which are far removed from any approach to sublimity (for instance, the post horn solo, which probably is meant to announce the arrival of the governor), bring to a climax the disagreeable and deafening impression." Thus was summarily dismissed one of the greatest creations of the human mind, one of the highest that has ever ravished the ear in the realm of sound.

In the midst of these whirlpools of disaster and misconception, Beethoven's creative power might have succumbed, had not his few but influential friends, like guardian angels, watched over him. It is of this period especially that the late Professor Joseph Roeckel, the worthy ancestor of a noble family of artists, has communicated many a beautiful trait, many an interesting episode in the life of the great master. In the first few days following the *Leonore* disaster no one dared to approach Beethoven. He remained for the most part within closed doors, alone with his thoughts; or at night he roamed the solitary streets and deserted

byways of Vienna. Only gradually was he made acquainted with the opinion of his friends, that the non-success of his work was owing to the faulty design of the librettist, who had subdivided the piece into three acts, expanding the introductory matter to so great an extent that the action of the piece did not develop sufficiently quickly. This was done with the view of inducing Beethoven to a re-cast of the work, which should fuse the first two acts, in curtailed form, into one; but he put away the well-meant advice decisively, and with his own inflexible stubbornness always came back to the same point—that it was nothing but the worn-out tenor of the Italian vocalist, who was no longer able to take the high notes from the chest, that had ruined his work.

The matter had therefore to be approached from a different standpoint, and great pains were taken to find a singer who was not only endowed with a youthful and fresh tenor voice of considerable height, but likewise with the mental capacity requisite for so important a part, and who would, moreover, act sympathetically upon Beethoven, always reserved and prone to isolation. Just such a one was found in the person of the above-mentioned Joseph Roedel, at that time a young debutant of twenty, who, at first intended for a legal career, had been brought to light by the Intendant of the Imperial Court whilst on a voyage of musical discovery, and carried off by him to Vienna as his most promising spoil. There for a year the young tenor was trained under the most able masters, and in 1805 made his *debut* in some now long-since forgotten parts. In these he succeeded better than his teacher, that very tenor whose falsetto, in Beethoven's opinion, had wrought such ruin to the part of Florestan; and the friends of the composer, and particularly the stage-manager Meyer, Mozart's brother-in-law, who himself had sung as Pizarro, built their hopes of success upon the exquisite voice of the youthful tenor. But their plan was not so easy to carry out as it seemed, for now, after the *Leonore* catastrophe, the great recluse, never at any time fond of publicity, was not to be induced to put a foot across the threshold of the mimic world. At last, after many vain efforts, Meyer succeeded in enticing the angry genius once again to a rehearsal, in which, according to previous arrangement, the new tenor Roedel was to sing as though by chance. On hearing him Beethoven at once broke out, "If I had only had him for my Florestan!" But when Meyer thereupon replied that no doubt Herr Roedel would study the part if Beethoven could resolve upon a re-cast, then the angry master would listen no further—"Not a single note

of it shall be altered," he cried out decisively, and rushed excitedly away, turning his back on his perplexed friends. The matter had, therefore, again to be approached from a fresh point of attack.

Beethoven being a genius chiefly protected by the highest aristocracy and misunderstood by the general public, it was resolved that the influence of his noble friends should be brought to bear upon him. Amongst them no one stood so near to him as the distinguished Prince Lichnowsky, beneath whose roof he was entertained for years with more than princely hospitality, and who seized every possible opportunity of having his new compositions tried by the greatest *virtuosi* in Vienna. Besides, Beethoven drew from him a yearly salary of 600 florins, a by no means insignificant sum for those times, burdened by no condition, but that he should give free rein to his genius. The Princess, a daughter of the house of Thun, and an excellent pianoforte player, treated Beethoven with motherly affection, and would have liked, as he often used to say, to have put him under a glass shade. He had, it is true, ceased to live in the prince's town house; but, in spite of this whim, whatever he did was loved and admired there, and his brusque changes of temper and unaccountable humours passed as the indispensable accompaniments of genius. Nevertheless, even at this house, at the weekly so-called "Fidelio meetings," they had vainly tried to persuade the master to shorten and re-cast his opera. So one day, at rehearsal, the above-named stage-manager and baritone, Meyer, who well knew the composer's fits, and all their fearfulness, turned to the young tenor Roeckel, saying, "To-night, at six o'clock, be at home. I will come for you at that time to introduce you to Prince Lichnowsky on an important matter." Roeckel assented: and now we will let the old man relate in his own words from the treasure of his rich experience.

"Only on the way to the princely palace did Meyer communicate to me that we should find Beethoven there in the circle of his nearest friends, and in co-operation with the rest of the operatic company, should again bring his non-successful opera to a critical performance. In order to convince the master himself of the necessity for a revision of the work, since Beethoven attributed the shipwreck of his opera solely to the former tenor, it remained for me, in whose voice Meyer had more confidence, to take the part of Florestan at this solo performance. All the time, in conjunction with Meyer and the other performers, I was continually to lay before Beethoven the necessity for abridgments and alterations, and eventually for the fusion of the first

two acts into one. I confess I dreaded my commission—to sing at sight the difficult part of Florestan before the great master, always so passionate and hard to satisfy; and I should dearly have liked to have turned back, but Meyer clutched me by the arm and almost dragged me along with him.

“We entered the mansion, and ascended the brilliantly-lighted staircase, where several footmen, carrying empty tea-trays, met us. My companion, who knew the ways of the house, thereupon made a wry face, and murmured, ‘Tea is over. I fear your hesitation will have caused us to miss much-needed refreshment.’ We were conducted into the music saloon, lighted with chandeliers hung round with tapers and adorned with heavy silk draperies. On the walls richly-coloured oil paintings by the great masters, set in broad, shining gold frames, testified to the artistic taste as well as to the wealth of the princely family. The company seemed already to be waiting for us. Meyer was right: tea was over, and all was ready for the beginning of the musical performance. The princess, a sweet-faced, delicate-looking lady, sat by the piano. Opposite to her, carelessly seated in an armchair, was Beethoven, the thick score of his unlucky opera on his knee. My colleagues, who held the vocal parts already in their hands, had taken their places in a semicircle not far from the pianoforte. It was again Milder as Fidelio, Müller as Marcelline, Weinmüller as Rocco, Caché as the porter Jacquino, and Steinhoff as Minister of State. After I had been introduced to the prince and princess, and Beethoven had received our reverent greetings, he laid his score on the music desk of the princess, and the performance began. The first two acts, in which I had to take no part, were gone through from the first note to the last. We kept talking of the time they occupied, and beseeching Beethoven that individual parts, of secondary importance, which were too long spun out, might be cut down; but he defended every bar. But when we came to the principal matter—the abridgments in the exposition of the theme, and the consequent possible fusion of the first two acts into one—he seemed beside himself, and kept crying out, ‘Not a note!’ and would have run off with the score; but the princess laid her hands beseechingly on the treasure in her keeping, and looked up at the irate genius with such unutterable gentleness that his anger melted away, and resignedly he again sat down. The noble lady bade us continue, and played the prelude to my great aria, ‘In des Lebens Frühlingstagen.’ I had previously asked Beethoven for Florestan’s part, but my unlucky pre-

decessor had neglected to give it up, and so I was compelled to sing at the piano from the score, out of which the princess accompanied. I knew that Beethoven set as great a value on this aria as on the whole opera, and I treated it accordingly. Again, and yet again, he wished to hear it. The repeated effort was almost beyond my strength, but I sang it, for I felt only too happy when I perceived that my mode of executing it seemed to reconcile the master to his ill-received work. It was past midnight when the rehearsal—prolonged by many repetitions—at last came to an end. ‘And the re-casting, the curtailing?’ inquired the princess of the master, with an imploring look. ‘Do not ask it,’ he answered gloomily. ‘Not a note shall be cut away.’ ‘Then must your great work remain for ever misunderstood and maligned?’ she asked with a sigh. ‘It is sufficiently rewarded by your approbation, most gracious princess,’ answered the master. But it seemed as though suddenly the gentle lady was impelled by a stronger, a mightier spirit. Half kneeling, she cried out to him as though inspired, ‘No! It is impossible! You cannot let your greatest work die thus! It must not be. By all that is sacred, I implore you to give way! Do it in remembrance of those you have held dear. Do it for me, your one, your truest friend!’ The great man, with the head suggestive of Olympian grandeur, stood long before the pale worshipper of his muse. Then he pushed back with his hand the long hair falling over his face, and with a look towards heaven he cried, ‘I will—will do—everything you ask,’ and extended his hand, as though to ratify his promise. We all surrounded the group with deeply-stirred feelings, for we felt the significance of the moment.

“From this time not another word concerning the opera was spoken. All were enchanted, and it will not be hard to understand that I exchanged with Meyer a look of relief when the servants opened the folding-doors of the dining-hall, and the company at last sat down at the well-spread tables to take supper. Probably not quite by accident, I was placed opposite Beethoven, who, still dwelling, in spirit, on his opera, ate surprisingly little, while I, tormented with severe hunger, had devoured the first course with ridiculous haste. Smiling, he pointed to my empty plate, ‘You have devoured the food like a wolf! Pray, what have you had?’ ‘I was so hungry,’ I replied, ‘that, indeed, I paid no attention to what I ate.’ ‘Then, that is why you have given the part of Florestan, the man in the hunger-tower, in so masterly a manner, and with so much truth to nature. The merit, then, is due neither to

your voice nor to your head, but mainly to your stomach. Only take care always to be right hungry before the performance, then success will never fail us.' All around the table laughed heartily, and were even more delighted that Beethoven had again made a joke than at the joke itself.

"When we were leaving the palace, Beethoven said again to me, 'In your part I have the least to alter. Come to me some time during the next few days and call for it. I will copy it out for you myself.' A few days later I announced myself in his ante-room, but the elderly servant did not know what to do with me, as his master was just in the act of washing. I heard this by the splashing of water, which this eccentric genius was pouring over himself in streams, meantime uttering sounds which with him seemed expressive of comfort. On the old servant's surly countenance I thought I read the words, 'Send him away,' but he suddenly asked, 'Whom have I the honour to announce?' I gave my name, 'Joseph Roeckel.' 'Ah, in that case,' said the worthy Viennese, 'I have orders to admit you,' and he immediately threw open the door. I entered the apartment sacred to the great genius. It looked almost bare in its simplicity, and seemed never to have felt the influence of an order-loving mind. There, in the corner, an open grand piano, covered with stitched music in the wildest confusion; here, upon a chair, a portion of the *Eroica* Symphony; the single parts from the opera on which he was busied partially upon other chairs, partially underneath the table which stood in the middle of the room; and right in the midst, amongst chamber-music, pianoforte trios, and symphonic sketches, stood the immense washing apparatus over which the master was busy sousing his strong-built chest with the cold flood. He received me quite unceremoniously, and I had the opportunity of admiring his powerful muscular frame and strong build. Judging from these, one might have prophesied for the composer the age of Methuselah, and it must have been a powerful and hostile influence indeed which could cause these strong pillars prematurely to break. A frank shake of the hand was my greeting, and a smile of contentment flitted over the master's face. He related to me, while dressing, with what care he had himself, single-handed, copied out the voice parts from the almost illegible score, so that I should receive them early and correct throughout. A few weeks later the rest of the operatic members had in their hands their respective parts. We were all struck by Beethoven's enormous industry, which in so short a time had accomplished the transformation of his

work, full of genius, so that already, on the 29th March, 1806 (only four months after its first short stage-life), we again brought it to a hearing in the theatre in Vienna, but this time before a comfortable bourgeois Viennese audience.

"The composer had been promised by the directorium a share in the profits; and I, as undertaking a rôle somewhat outside my engagement, was to receive an extra fee. Before the beginning of the performance Beethoven quarrelled violently with the director, because his work, to which he had given the name of *Fidelio*, had again appeared on the playbill (probably from business reasons) under the old title of Paer's opera, *Leonore*.

"We gave all possible pains to secure success for the work, and if it was not exactly a complete success, yet at the second and third repetition the theatre was considerably better filled; and even criticism meted out a larger share of justice to the work. Yes, it had succeeded better, but still not in the measure that so great a masterpiece should have done. This we saw by the appearance of the house, never yet quite filled, as Beethoven did by his share of the profits, concerning the amount of which he was just complaining to the court-banker, Baron Braun, when I, on the day after the third representation, was about to draw my extra fee. Whilst I accidentally was obliged to wait in the anteroom of the business office of the Baron, I overheard a lively dispute in the next room between the angry composer and the manager. Beethoven believed his portion of the net gain to be greater than the court banker—who had both the finance and the stage management of the theatre—had allotted to him. This official remarked that Beethoven was the first composer to whom the directorium, in recognition of his extraordinary merit, had allowed a share in the profits, and explained to him the cash deficit as due to the fact that while the stalls and boxes had all been occupied, yet this had not been the case with those seats in which the people sat, and which, if tightly packed, might have yielded receipts like those of the Mozart operas. At the same time he laid stress upon the fact that Beethoven's music hitherto had only made way with the educated few, whilst Mozart in his operas had always filled with enthusiasm the whole of the people, the multitude. Beethoven, agitated and irritated, ran up and down, shouting, 'I do not write for the crowd. I write for the cultivated!' 'But these alone will not fill the theatre for us,' replied the Baron, still keeping his temper. 'For our receipts we need the multitude, and since you, in your

music, would make no concessions to them, you have only yourself to thank for the smallness of the receipts. If we had given to Mozart a like share of the profits of his operas he would have been a rich man.' This style of comparing him with his great predecessor seemed to touch Beethoven to the quick. Without vouchsafing another word, he sprang up, and cried in violent anger, 'Give me back my score!' The Baron stood hesitating, and stared as though thunderstruck, into the enraged countenance of the composer, who repeated *crescendo*, 'I will have my score! My score on the spot!' The Baron pulled the bell, a servant entered, 'The score of yesterday's opera for this gentleman,' said the former in a dignified manner, and the servant fetched it as quickly as possible. 'I am truly sorry,' continued the Baron, 'but I think, upon calmer reflection, you'—but Beethoven heard no further. He had torn the gigantic volume from the Baron's hand, and ran off—without, in his excitement, noticing me—through the ante-chamber and down the staircase.

"When the Baron received me a few minutes afterwards, he could not conceal his agitation. He seemed to feel intuitively what a priceless treasure he had allowed to slip from his hand, and trembling with suppressed excitement he said to me, 'Beethoven was irritated and over-hasty. You have influence over him. Use every effort, make to him every promise in my name, so that we may preserve his work for our stage.' I withdrew, and followed the raging master to his house. But in vain: he was ruggedly inaccessible, and would not hear a word. The second setting of *Fidelio* was already locked away in a cupboard, whence only, after seventeen years, was it charmed into new life, and took, in somewhat altered form, at once and for ever, the highest place of honour in the operatic repertoire of all nations."

Thus far go the personal communications of the first Florestan, who not only spoke enthusiastically of the greatest of German operas, but who also, in 1832, by means of an excellent operatic company, formed out of his own private income, introduced it to Paris, where it was pronounced to surpass anything which had hitherto appeared on the French boards. Roeckel thereby helped to raise to the rank of recognised masterpieces this sublime opera, whose composer had expired on the 26th March, 1827, with the memorable words, "Do you hear the bell? Applaud, my friends: the scene changes!" and this rank has never again been denied to the work once so despised.

On great occasions, such as the first Exhibition in London, the public listened to the overture standing, the Court setting the example, and the bust of the composer was crowned with laurel. At the gala representation, on the visit of Napoleon III. to the English Court, *Fidelio* was given, and an advertisement in the *Times* offered for a box the sum of thirty guineas, a sum never yielded to Beethoven by the three settings of his opera; and the final fate of the work shows once more how bitterly true it is that we only reverence our great men after their death. When the composer of *Fidelio* lay dead, then the whole of Vienna, the whole of Germany, felt how great was the loss. In a splendid funeral celebration, the imperial city did for the dead what it had neglected to do for the living—honoured him as was his due. More than 20,000 mourners followed his coffin to the Währinger churchyard; and in 1845, a grateful people erected to the great master, in his birth-place, Bonn, a national monument, whose bronze lustre has won for him in that district the name of "The Golden Musician."

MARIAN MILLAR.

EDUCATIONAL PLANS IN MUSIC TEACHING.

IV.

OUR previous paper was devoted to a consideration of the means by which musical ideas are rendered audible, the media through which they are transmitted, and the kind of training which the various muscles employed in such transmission require for their effective employment. And here let it be remarked, parenthetically, that the expression "to render musical ideas audible" is not, in any sense of the word, redundant; for the highest training of the musician requires that he shall be able to realise the effect of the most complicated score, without any extraneous assistance; and under such circumstances its reproduction can only, in a conventional sense, be said to be *audible* to the mental ear of the student. But in the teacher's daily work such a sublimation of his pupils' musical faculties is a very infrequent occurrence, and consequently may be passed over here as having very little practical value in our enquiry. The two topics with which we have been so far engaged form what may be termed the extremes of musical study. There is first its inception in the mind, and lastly its reproduction on an instrument. But standing between these two topics, being their equal in importance, and forming a basis upon which they both converge, is the question of what music it is desirable to employ, and the reasons for its employment. Whatever the writer's opinions on this subject may be, it would be out of character with the general plan of these papers to lay down any rules, or to make dogmatic statements; he prefers rather to sketch an outline which can be filled in according to each reader's fancy, or as the result of his experience as a teacher of music. So much depends upon the mental peculiarities of both teachers and pupils that no hard and fast line can be drawn; in fact, in this as in most other subjects the good old adage that "circumstances alter cases" holds good to the fullest extent. Of the importance of the subject little need be said, as it must be patent to every teacher that printed music forms one of the principal "tools" of his profession, and that for effective and pleasant work its suitability must in every case be carefully considered; and this notwithstanding the fact that an efficient workman can get more satisfactory results with an indifferent instrument than his less skilful colleague who is equipped with the best appliances.

In considering the various kinds of books which a teacher requires for his work, there is one kind which cannot reasonably be classed as "music," namely, that which is devoted to technical practice. Incidentally, such a book may contain much that is pleasant to the ear, which, whilst not undesirable, could quite conveniently be dispensed with. It should, also, be always remembered that the employment of written or printed copies for the practice of technical exercises is, although convenient, by no means essential.

Passing on from the consideration of this purely mechanical class of musical construction, at our next step we encounter those short compositions known as studies. Many of these, of which the set entitled "*Etude de la Velocité*" is probably the best known, were composed for the purpose of giving practice in a definite and distinct point of technical work, and the object of the composer in such cases appears to have been the avoidance of the presumed dryness of ordinary exercises. It is, however, questionable whether this attractiveness is not bought at too high a price, as every such study, in conforming to its harmonic and melodic plan, must, almost of necessity, contain a number of bars which are not of so much service to the student as those of a well-designed technical exercise. There is also the further objection that the point to which the student is desired to direct his utmost attention is complicated with extraneous, and consequently undesirable, matter; the result being confusion and dissatisfaction. All this means loss of valuable time to the student, besides violating that cardinal doctrine which must pervade all true educational plans, namely, "one thing at a time." To "divide and conquer" should ever be the motto of the teacher, and every fresh experiment in this direction will show more and more clearly that minute sub-division of topics invariably means proportionate saving both of the pupil's time and the teacher's patience. There is another class of "studies" to which allusion must be made, namely, that in which, whilst some "figure" or combination is presented prominently to the pupil, the greatest portion of his attention is occupied with matters belonging to style and expression. As examples of this kind of composition, the studies of Stephen Heller may be mentioned. Seeing that they do not make special provision for technical work, as is done by Czerny and others, it is obvious that they pre-suppose other and more mechanical exercises. The next and last kind of composition included in this class, to which allusion should be made, is that known as the

Etude de Concert, in which all idea of educational treatment is cast to the winds, the one great object of the work being to exhibit the digital dexterity of some accomplished performer. To call such effusions "studies" is an obvious misnomer, which has perhaps certain conveniences, but can only be said to convey a conventional meaning to the musician.

Passing on from the purely preparative part of the literature of the music master, it will now be necessary to examine that which is intended for public display, and immediately a very wide field is open for our inspection, which does, indeed, include all those compositions which are included in the term "pieces." These may be classed in various ways, according to the purpose for which an indication of their peculiarities is desired. In this article they will be examined from more than one standpoint, in order that their varied characteristics in relation to the teacher's art may be sufficiently exemplified. And, first of all, let it be remarked that what has already been said about "studies" applies in the most exact manner to pieces. This is, apparently, a very obvious and unnecessary observation, but it is to be feared that much of the unsatisfactory teaching of the present day is due to a lack of proper observance of this fact. The question, then, which every teacher has to ask in selecting music for his pupil may be stated somewhat as follows: Firstly, what amount of mechanical practice shall the piece contain? and, secondly, what is the maximum amount of intellectual development with which it is advisable to exercise the pupil's mental powers? It is, of course, possible, in a large majority of instances, to find music which shall not in the least degree tax the technical skill of the student, or, on the other hand, to select pieces which shall be so difficult that after an enormous amount of practice they shall remain nothing but long, dreary mechanical studies. The first of these cases is unsatisfactory, because of the waste of time it occasions, whilst the second is most deplorable by reason of its tendency to discourage the student. No language can too strongly condemn the latter of the two cases above enumerated, especially when it is considered that in very many instances pupils have music given to them which they can never hope successfully to perform. How many girls are there at the present moment labouring in the most hopeless prefatory manner at one of the most difficult of Beethoven's Sonatas, who would find quite a sufficient amount of work in one of Clementi's Sonatinas? The consequence is, as most teachers know, that the term

"classical work" is with very many girls a synonym for musical horror, harmonic nightmare. This is to be deplored, and should be impossible where effective educational plans are adopted. What these means are can only be sketched in the barest outline, leaving all elaboration to each individual teacher.

And, first, it may be remarked that very much will depend upon the kind of pupil under consideration, as well as upon the purpose which he may have in view in placing himself under the guiding hand of a teacher. If he intends to qualify himself for entering the musical profession it may reasonably be assumed that he has more than average ability, and also that he will devote more time to practice than could be expected from an amateur. Such being the case, there would be no hardship in expecting a student of this class to thoroughly master a piece of music which should present a considerable number of technical difficulties. It may also be remarked that mastery of such music can only be retained for any length of time by constant revision and persevering drill; but this should not be considered a hardship in the case of a youth who aspired to be what may be termed a musical athlete. And although it is sincerely to be hoped that he will endeavour to gain his greatest successes as a performer by intellectual grasp of sterling compositions, it must still be borne in mind that mere digital dexterity is not to be despised, but only its abuse should be deprecated. Such an one might, indeed, be termed the ideal student—one who has the patience to wade through a large amount of mechanical drudgery, who has the artistic feeling that impels him to untiringly polish up every portion of his work, and the musical talent which renders his performances attractive to his listeners. Happy is the teacher who has a large number of such pupils.

Descending from this high standard we come to those average students who occupy by far the largest portion of most teachers' energies, who will never attain to any striking excellence, but yet whose talents are well worthy of cultivation. In such cases the teacher will decide what may reasonably be expected to be done, having due regard to the circumstances in which the pupil is placed. As has been previously remarked, incalculable injury has been done by setting tasks which had no reasonable chance of being accomplished. The true teacher will endeavour to lead on the pupil who is not blessed with brilliant parts in such a manner that, whether the progress is great or small, it shall always be pleasant. Nothing can possibly be gained by the violent methods of the pedagogues of a past age, and which are,

unhappily, not yet extinct. On the contrary, it may be affirmed that such methods have much to do with the distaste which some persons feel towards those scholastic pursuits which have caused them suffering or annoyance.

Still descending in our investigation, the question may be asked : "What shall be done with those apparently hopeless cases in which the progress made is so slow as to be irksome to the teacher and discouraging to the pupil?" Many would say, let him give up trying to master a subject for which he is evidently totally unfitted, and go to something else which will give him a better return for the labour that he bestows upon it. But that is a rough and ready way of cutting the Gordian knot, instead of a painstaking endeavour to unravel its intricacies. The more philosophical plan would be for the teacher to examine carefully his educational devices, and endeavour to discover in what ways they might be improved, with results which could not fail to show themselves in the increased excellence of his work. In such cases as have just been described it is obvious that difficulties both of reading and mechanical skill must be reduced to a minimum ; or, on the other hand, that one portion of the music should be designed to exercise the pupil in "reading" alone, no mechanical devices but such as are known to be well within his power being employed, whilst in the other portion only technical practice shall be expected. Here again is seen the usefulness of the advice to "divide and conquer," and this may be carried to a very much larger extent than at first seems possible, or even desirable. What can be more absurd than to see a dull pupil toiling over a tolerably easy piece, confusing his mind by trying to grasp the intricacies of two clefs at the same time, to his manifest discouragement, whereas it would be an absolute saving of time if he allowed one of his hands to rest whilst employing the other in following the notes which it should endeavour to play, and then reversing the process. And yet it is quite exceptional to find the division of the work of the hands treated in a systematic manner. It is, of course, difficult for the accomplished performer to realise such a state of affairs as has just been described. If he has ever experienced the confusion consequent upon employing two hands and two clefs, a sufficient amount of time has elapsed to render the memory of it very dim and vague. But it cannot too strongly or too frequently be insisted upon, if the teacher desires to obtain the best possible results.

Having glanced at musical literature from the point of view in which

its adaptation to the student's abilities is the chief consideration, it will now be necessary to give a momentary glance at the same subject from the performer's point of view. A little thought will show that the above is no mere fanciful denomination, but that it points out one of the chief considerations which should guide the teacher, so that due discrimination may be shown in the selection of suitable pieces for his pupils. Following the plan employed when considering the adaptability of music to the student's capabilities, it will be necessary to look at that which may be considered to represent artistic thought in its highest form. It may reasonably be assumed that such specimens may most readily be found in, if not exclusively confined to, that kind of music which is known as "classical." But it should not, therefore, be supposed that all "classical" music is of a high degree of excellence, and in fact it must be distinctly asserted that some music which comes under that denomination is the veriest trash. And this not alone amongst the lesser writers of Sonatas, such as Clementi, Dussek, and Kuhlau; but even some of Mozart's compositions cannot be considered to rise above mediocrity. It may, indeed, be questioned if the world would be any the poorer, musically, if some of Beethoven's Sonatas were utterly annihilated. It is so much the fashion now-a-days to blindly worship classical music, that the term "Sonata" or "Rondo" is held by very many persons to be a hall-mark which warrants the excellence of the composition to which it is attached. Nothing could be more erroneous. The highest kind of music, from the performer's point of view, will be such as includes a considerable number of technical difficulties, but also imperatively requires a large amount of intellectual force for its artistic rendering. No attempt to furnish such a list will be made in this paper, since, notwithstanding the unanimity with which the proposition just enunciated may be expected to be received, the greatest diversity will naturally exist as to the pieces which will come under its category.

Such music forms but a small proportion of that which the teacher has, perforce, to use; and immediately below that standard there comes the great bulk of pieces which cannot be objected to as utter rubbish, but yet come short of that ideal which has just been adverted to. No objection can, by even the most fastidious musician, be taken to their frequent use, seeing that they are necessarily better adapted to the average intellect than pieces of a more exalted character. Can there be a greater insult to the memory of Beethoven than to give to a girl of moderate talent one of his finest works, to which she can no more do

justice than she could unravel the intricacies of an abstruse mathematical problem? And yet how frequently is this sacrilege committed! Following the same course of reasoning it may be affirmed that even those pieces which represent the lowest depth to which musical mediocrity can reach should not be wholly despised, or receive that unqualified condemnation which is too frequently their lot. If a student is musically so deficient as to be unable to grasp a piece which contains more than the repetitions of two or three harmonies, it is obvious that compositions to suit his mental calibre must be provided. If they are tuneful, and do not contain any gross grammatical blunders, they do not deserve the severe reproaches which sometimes they receive; as it is, certainly, absurd to expect that from them which they do not profess to contain.

It will be observed that all the illustrations which have been employed in this paper have been drawn from pianoforte music, this being the most frequent direction in which the music-teacher's art is exercised. But it is obvious that no difficulty need be apprehended in adapting such illustrations to the organ, an orchestral instrument, or the voice. In all that has been, or can be, said the adaptation of means to an end is the one cardinal principle involved, and the observance or non-observance of this principle is the crucial test of the excellence, or the reverse, of the teacher's educational plans. And these plans include all the varied items which go to make up the details of a lesson, such as the teacher's manner, mnemonic tricks, mechanical devices, and careful selection of music. Which of these is the most important will always remain a matter of opinion, but it may be confidently affirmed that a due admixture of them is essential to the teacher's success.

Passing from the purely mechanical part of musical study, a little attention may, before closing this investigation of Educational Plans, be appropriately devoted to its intellectual aspects. In this inquiry no attempt will be made to elucidate the laws of musical expression, but only to consider what are their bearings in relation to the teacher's work. And here it may be observed parenthetically that the term "laws of expression" is not a meaningless phrase. Notwithstanding the expectation that a performer is understood to give a spontaneous, intellectual, and artistic rendering of a piece of music (that is, one which comes as it were red-hot from his mind); still his most effective efforts will be carefully calculated. It is on record that the most earnestly studied preparation is the constant practice of our finest actors, and analogy would suggest that such a course would be equally

desirable on the part of exponents of musical thought. It is, of course, unnecessary to discriminate between a dull, servile following of rules, and that accumulation of artistic impressions due to successive rehearsals of a musical composition, which, being assimilated with each other, then sublimated by the subtle alchemy of the mind, gives to the noblest musical thought its fitting embellishment. The former may, possibly, have its uses; but the latter will, surely, be the constant aim of the earnest, enthusiastic student.

It is a common complaint amongst teachers of music that their pupils play "without expression," the conclusion generally being that the fault lies with the latter and not with the former. But it is to be feared that such an assumption is, in a large number of cases, misleading, and results from a neglect to discriminate between expression on the one hand, and its mechanical equivalents on the other. If it is considered to be a work of time and perseverance to train the fingers of a child to play five successive notes with equal force, it cannot surely be thought an easy matter to teach the same child to vary the force with which such successive notes are struck, and that, in a majority of cases, totally at variance with the comparative normal power of its fingers. An illustration will show this more clearly. The mechanical equivalent of a *crescendo* is, that there shall be a regular increment of force in the striking of the successive notes which it contains. If the initial force is represented by x , and the increment by a , then the force of the blows with which the notes are sounded will be:

$$x, x + a, x + 2a, x + 3a, \dots, x + na.$$

Now if all the fingers were of equal normal power the problem would be tolerably simple, but it is very certain that such is not the case. Suppose the finger which played the second note in the above series was of less normal power than that assigned to the first one, and that that difference was represented by b , then the muscular force required for playing the notes would be represented by $x, x + a + b$, or if $a = b$ then by $x, x + 2b$.

From this slight outline of a demonstration it will be seen that the difficulties encountered in playing a succession of notes of varying force are very great, and should never be underrated. In this, as in all other cases, the teacher should try to put himself in the place of his pupil, instead of looking down from a pinnacle which is built up of years of practice and experience. The latter course is almost sure to result in the minimising of difficulties which have a real existence for the pupil,

and in a lack of that true bond of sympathy so essential for efficient tuition. What has been said with respect to a gradual increase of force applies, of course, equally when the reverse operation is desired. Analogous to the difficulties consequent upon varieties of force are those which have relation to speed. A sudden and definite change of speed is not a matter which necessitates a considerable additional tax upon the mental faculties of the student, as after the alteration is made any abnormal strain upon the mind is rendered unnecessary. But this is not, by any means, the case when notes, nominally of the same value, have to receive successively minute increments of duration. The extra mental effort which was required once only in the first case, has to be repeated after each note in the second, otherwise the continuous series of alterations in length could not be sustained.

From these considerations it may reasonably be deduced that there is an important section of educational plans which must precede any attempt to develop real expression in the student. Also, as all expression consists of variations either for force or speed, it is quite obvious what the nature of the requisite exercises should be. The form which they should take is not so much a matter of importance, but might be devised by each teacher to suit the circumstances in which he is placed. If in the first instance every indication of expression, whether written or implied, is stated in the terms of its mechanical equivalent, and these mechanical devices are accurately reproduced on the instrument, it is perfectly obvious that the effect upon the ear cannot possibly be other than satisfactory, just as the words spoken into the telephone are converted into mechanical movements which, being transmitted to the receiving instrument are again transformed into audible sounds which preserve all the characteristics of the original impulse. It would be impossible to exaggerate the importance of the considerations having reference to expression which have just been made, and it would likewise be a very easy matter to fill up at considerable length the bare outline of the subject which has just been presented. Sufficient, however, has been said to show the direction in which such speculations will tend so as to conduce to efficient educational devices.

Having traversed, in a very discursive manner, the ground upon which all musical study must be built up, it now only remains to sum up rapidly the topics treated of. They are not numerous, and should be easily taken in with one comprehensive glance by all who have a fair knowledge of the subject. Commencing with the written signs, and

plans to facilitate their comprehension, we pass on to their transfusion in the mind into musical ideas, which again have to be transformed, and then transmitted to the mechanical medium through which they are rendered audible. Of equal importance, but standing somewhat apart, is the question of expression. In treating on these topics the writer has necessarily had to be guided by his own experience, by which factor, of course, the value of his work will be limited. It may, however, be hoped that other teachers will be induced to contribute articles which shall fill up the deficiencies to be observed in the present series. Such a course could not fail to be of value, especially to the young teacher, who would be spared much of that tentative groping after educational truth which would otherwise be his lot. That this would be of benefit both to the individual teachers, and also to the cause of musical education in general, cannot reasonably be doubted. Superior educational plans would, necessarily, produce more satisfactory results, thus raising the standard of musical culture; whilst the success attained would, in its turn, impel teachers to aim at ever higher developments. This action and reaction could not but conduce to the best interests of all concerned. That such a result is a "consummation devoutly to be wished" cannot be gainsaid, and it is one which is being helped on by every conscientious teacher. But isolated efforts have comparatively a small amount of influence, even though their number be great; whilst what may be termed their convergence to one point would be of far more value. United effort in any direction is, then, very desirable, so that a number of small tributary streams may become a mighty river whose resistless flow shall sweep away all that incompetent and perfunctory teaching of music whose continuance throughout the country is so greatly to be deplored. If these articles are found to contribute, in however small a degree, to this desirable object, their writer will be amply rewarded.

HENRY FISHER.

EXPERIENCES OF A CATHEDRAL CHORISTER.

II.

MY early childhood was spent in a village in the neighbourhood of a cathedral city. My father was always musical, in a small way; and my earliest remembrance of music is of his playing on the flute, or the violin. Long before I knew my notes, or even could read, I could sing almost anything he could play. I could hardly have been six years old when I was allowed to join the village choir, where my voice, which, even at that early age, was strong and sweet, soon began to attract attention.

The music of our village church was limited by the capabilities of the organ, a mechanical one, which, by the by, excited my warmest interest; and I was not satisfied till I found out how the mere turning of a handle could make it play the music.

A new schoolmaster having come to take charge of the village school, he was, being musical, appointed choirmaster; and in his most laudable zeal for the improvement of the service, he resolved to take the choir boys one day to the cathedral, in order that we might hear how a service ought to be rendered. It was on the afternoon of an Easter Sunday we went; and a memorable day it proved to me. As long as I live I shall not forget the effect that service produced on my mind. The feeling of awe which struck me, as I for the first time entered the cathedral, sunk deep into my heart. We had hardly taken our seats when the organ voluntary began; and the music, so tender, so sweet, so different from anything I had ever heard, spread itself over the building, and thrilled me through and through. Anon the sweet voices of the choir were blended with the organ's expressive tones, and my enchantment was complete. I was, as it were, spellbound, and could scarcely move. How I envied those fortunate boys, whose daily life was passed amid such delights; and how devoutly I wished such a lot was in store for me. The thing our choirmaster most wanted us to hear, was the anthem, Handel's "I know that my Redeemer liveth." The boy to whom it was entrusted had a most lovely voice, and sang artistically and with

much feeling. I have heard many things since which have affected me deeply, but I was never more touched in my life than by his singing of that air. The "Hallelujah" chorus followed, and left me amazed. So much grandeur had never entered my imagination, nor will it easily be effaced from my recollection. I left the cathedral with an irresistible desire, though, as I feared, a fruitless one, to be myself a chorister. What was my delight, on reaching home, to find that it was not very difficult to get admitted as a "practising boy," at least, if one had a fair voice; and to gain from my father a promise, that when I was old enough, I should be allowed to try for admission.

Some two years afterwards this promise was realised. Well I remember going to the cathedral to be tried; the only other candidate being a boy about two years my senior. The trial took place before all the chorister boys, and was conducted by the cathedral organist himself. I was a very little fellow, and was so frightened and excited, that when I was suddenly called upon to sing, not a sound could I utter. To my mortification, the other boy, who didn't seem to mind it a bit, sang quite bravely, and was accepted on the spot, while I was rejected, and pronounced to be utterly without a voice. Nay; worse even than that, the organist, who had heard a good report of me, seemed rather to consider he had been imposed on, and dismissed me somewhat harshly and sternly. I forced back my tears till I was out of the church, and then went and had it quietly out to myself. I was the more distressed about it, as I felt I was far better than the boy who was preferred before me, had I only been able to do myself justice.

My mother was as much disappointed as I, but being resolved I should, if possible, have my desire, took me to one of the lay-clerks, who had a candidate's class—and he, not being so formidable a person, did not frighten me; and I acquitted myself very differently. I joined his class, and for some months walked daily three miles, to and from his house, to attend it. I had then made such progress that my master was able to speak so strongly to the organist in my favour, that I was admitted as a practising boy without undergoing any further trial. How I raced home to tell my parents of my hope, at last accomplished!

I now went regularly to the cathedral as a practising boy, but I very soon found that all was not so splendid and so happy as I had imagined. We were required to be at school at a quarter-past eight in the morning, remaining there a couple of hours; when we attended morning service,

and had practice afterwards. There was not time to go home to dinner, except for boys who lived in the neighbourhood; so those of us who had any distance to go had to carry our dinner with us: no more hot dinners for us, except on Sundays. There was no table in the school, and we used to eat our dinner as best we could, without the slightest attempt on the part of anyone to make us comfortable. We then had school again for an hour, when we went round to the Cathedral for afternoon service and rehearsal; and, in summer, returned to school for another hour. Our afternoon practices were held by the organist himself, as a rule; and consisted of going through the services and anthems for the week. He little thought most of us were singing by ear. When I got home I had to practise the violin, and afterwards the piano, besides learning home lessons. Play, I scarcely ever had a chance of getting. Our life was about as joyless a thing as it could be.

I soon found that there was one accomplishment in which our school-master was thoroughly skilled, viz, the art of using a cane. He had a sneering way of treating a new-comer, openly declaring his former teaching to have been abominable, which, by the by, in my case, was not true. This generally resulted in the boy's losing his confidence, breaking down in his lessons, and getting caned for it. For my part, it was a long time before I could say a lesson to him, however well I knew it; and I was, in consequence, cruelly beaten every morning regularly for nearly two years. I got over it at last, as I grew more resolute, and was never turned in a lesson again. Our schoolroom was over an old gateway, and the bigger boys had, in turn, to get the key, sweep the school, and light the fire. The gateway was at some distance from other buildings, unfortunately for the young ones; for some of the elder ones were indisposed to take their share of the work, and laid down the law somewhat forcibly on their juniors. The time spent at school, short as it was, would have sufficed with a competent master, for imparting to us a tolerable education; but we ostensibly studied only Writing, Reading, Arithmetic, Geography, Spelling, a little History and still less of Grammar. I must do our master the justice to say that what he knew, he really tried honestly to teach. He succeeded with the Writing, because in that he was competent. But he knew too little of the other subjects himself to be able to teach them. I had, before I was admitted, been well grounded in Arithmetic; and for some time before I left school any sums in which

any other boy had failed, or required instruction, were sent to me. As to Grammar, the master declared that I spoke grammatically naturally, and therefore it was quite unnecessary for me to waste time in learning the rules—the truth being that he was ignorant of them himself—and I was set to cover books instead. This will suffice to show the sort of master the Dean and Chapter considered suitable for the boys entrusted to their care. The Precentor was, by virtue of his office, our school-master—so tradition informed us—but he was permitted to do duty by deputy, and he availed himself of the privilege.

Turning now to our musical instruction (which was mainly in the hands of one of the lay clerks) I am bound to admit that this man could *sing*. But his teaching was a complete farce. No real instruction was given. I never heard a boy taught his notes, or any rudimentary matters whatever. We sang through the music as well as *we* could, to the words, and consequently by ear; and one teacher played it as well as *he* could—that is to say, he put in a note now and then. Any youngster who made a mistake was soon informed of it by an elbow struck pretty sharply into his ribs by one of the bigger boys, or by a heavy boxing of the ears by the singing master, accompanied by such endearing terms as “thick-headed dunderhead!” There was no pretence to order or discipline. Sometimes the teacher was cross, and we had to keep our eyes open and give him a wide berth; and at other times he was facetious, and made us all laugh.

These two men, who were supposed to instruct us, were grossly unfit for their posts, and made our lives miserable; the principal point of difference between them being that the schoolmaster had favourites, who might do almost anything with impunity, while the others were certain of punishment for the very slightest offence; whereas the singing-master bestowed his heavy-handed favours with absolute impartiality. The little boys did as he told them, because they dared not do otherwise; but the big ones openly defied him. My period of practising-boy life lasted only a few months; during which I learned more, so far as music was concerned, from the boy I first spoke of than from all other sources. Being admitted to the choir it was my privilege to stand next to him during service, and I improved so rapidly as to attract the attention of the organist. I had already, to a great extent, lost my fear of him, and had learned to look on him with a respect and affection which my subsequent knowledge of him only served to deepen. Very shortly after my being admitted into the choir the boy of whom I have

spoken lost his voice and left the choir, keeping up his connection with the cathedral as articulated pupil of the organist. The choir was now in a sad plight, for, as is not unfrequently the case, the whole burden of the treble work had rested on him, and there was no other boy capable of filling his post.

After various unsuccessful trials of the bigger boys, our worthy organist pitched on me, little fellow as I was, and only about ten years old, and entrusted me with a little "verse" in service. I did my very best, not a little proud of his confidence, and from that time till I was sixteen years old all the principal treble work devolved on me. It was not simply that one had to sing all the solos. The brunt of the chorus had to be borne also—and every "lead" taken up. Naturally the strain on the throat was enormous, and has resulted in permanent injury.

The consequence of being thus put before boys so much older than myself was, however, a very serious matter to me; for the bigger boys were naturally exceedingly jealous and angry about it, and many a scrape I got into as the result. Two or three of the big boys were above that sort of thing, but from the others I suffered more than I care to record here. One big boy took especial delight in inventing tales and taking them to the school-master, whose ready cane was sure to be liberally applied in consequence. His favourite mode of applying it, was to make the boy, if a little one, ride on a big boy's back, and so render kicking and struggling useless. I well remember one occasion, when I was so treated, being quite innocent, and maddened with pain and indignation, obtaining my release from my tormentor by biting his neck as hard as I could. Of course I was beaten again for that, but I was never again "horsed." On another occasion a big boy hurled me down a flight of stairs, my forehead being struck so violently that I was too much disfigured to go to the funeral of the Duke of Wellington; and, as I dared not tell who had done it, the very boy who ill-used me was chosen to go instead of me.

About this time a change of arrangements was made, by which, to the great delight of the boys generally, we were handed over to the assistant organist for practice. What a change it was! He had a little trouble at first to get us into decent order, but the organist gave us a lecture on the subject, saying he would expel any boy who did not pay the same attention to his deputy as to himself: and the two or three

riotous ones "ceased their troubling." We now had tolerably efficient teaching, and the whole service improved.

Our late singing master disapproved of this arrangement in general, and of my improvement in particular; and showed it by pushing his book into my neck as I was standing before him singing in service. He did this systematically, till one day I stopped in a solo, and asked him, aloud, to remove the book. I know he got a "wiggling" from the Precentor in consequence. But, alas, for us! Our young teacher soon obtained a valuable appointment, and we were restored to the old master, and the old condition of things followed as a natural consequence.

As to the clergy, I do not remember that I ever spoke to the Dean, or had the slightest wish to do so. One of the Canons gave us prizes for school work; but how little he cared for us, or for our treatment, may be imagined by his allowing the schoolmaster, without protest, to award the first prize (which before us all he declared to be due to me) to another boy, on the ground that he was leaving the choir, and had never won a prize. But the true reason was, that he took on himself to punish us for things done out of school, and he made a rule that if I, as head boy, heard of anything irregular done out of school, and did not report it to him I should bear the punishment myself. I flatly declined to do anything of the sort, and he therefore deposed me from my place as senior boy, and put this fellow in it; and a nice time he had of it.

The other Canons took little or no notice of us. Only on three occasions do I remember their entertaining us at their residences. The one above alluded to, after we had sung for his friends, sent us (men and boys) down to his kitchen to sup with his servants.

We had four Minor Canons, one being Precentor. Two of them could sing the service well. One had no voice, and was chiefly remarkable for his coming in to service in scarlet and top-boots, and putting on his surplice over his hunting attire; and for reading the lessons without omitting such portions as polite society now expects to be left out. The fourth Minor Canon not only was unable to sing, he couldn't even *speak* distinctly. His performance of the service was a sore trial. It was too pitiable to laugh at, and was really distressing to listen to. As a rule, not one of the clergy took the smallest notice of us in any shape or way, except to nod to us, when we capped to them; or to blow us up, if we did anything they didn't approve of. Of spiritual matters

they taught us absolutely nothing (save as I shall mention below), not even the Church Catechism.

The Bishop appointed a day for confirmation; and, with three other boys, I was told I was to be confirmed. Will it be credited that the Precentor did not so much as ask us a single question on any subject connected with the rite? Our other Minor Canon (who sang), asking one day who was preparing us for confirmation, was horrified to find that no one was. He at once set himself to repair that omission, and most carefully and tenderly he did it. That is my one pleasant remembrance of the cathedral Minor Canons. Finding we were growing up as young heathens, he made inquiry, and discovering two of the choristers to be actually unbaptised, he taught them what he considered necessary, and christened them both. At my first Communion I was simply horrified at the irreverence displayed. The cups were usually nearly filled with wine, a whole bottleful was put into each, regularly, and a large quantity being left, the lay clerks and vergers were called up to the altar rail, and the cups were passed up and down as they stood there talking, and almost drinking each other's health—actually thanking the clergyman on returning the cup. Alas, for my recent lessons and preparation!

At length one of the Canons died, and his successor proved a man of different stamp. He made us go up to the chapter house every Sunday and say the collect, which he explained to us very kindly and clearly. At Christmas he gave us a grand supper; and we all, men and boys, mingled with his guests in his drawing-room, and enjoyed ourselves very much. That was shortly before I left.

The only other official connected with the cathedral who noticed me was the chapter clerk, who used often to give me a very welcome half-crown when I had pleased him with a solo; but who, on the introduction of the florin, substituted that for the half-crown—to my disgust. In connection with the chapter clerk, it has always been a puzzle to me how it was that we boys had to sign our names, on receiving our miserable pay, against a considerably larger amount than we received. That this was systematically done is, however, a fact. For that, however, I do not blame the clerk; since we received the amount the organist told us we should, though not that against which we signed our names. There were other curious circumstances connected with money matters, which concerned other office holders, into which I need not go, as they did not affect the actual choristers, beyond this—that, when

they were set right, the Dean and Chapter withdrew a small allowance previously made to the organist, for procuring us a teacher for the violin, at a nominal fee on our part ; and thereby stopped our lessons. This, the sole thing done for the boys by the Dean and Chapter, has not been revived.

In course of time our worthy organist being pleased with my performance of my duties, recommended my father to let me go to his assistant for piano lessons ; which I did for a year ; and very much I enjoyed them. At the end of the year he heard me himself and generously offered to take me for a time on trial, and, if satisfied, to receive me as an articulated pupil, which he subsequently did.

The cathedral was not warmed in any way, and was bitterly cold in winter ; but, like A. P., we were forbidden to wear our coats under our surplices, even during that severe winter when the Crimean war was fought.

As to what became of the boys after they left the choir the Dean and Chapter did not trouble themselves in the smallest degree about. As to the boys themselves—a few of us, who really loved the music, found in it some little recompense for our otherwise wasted boyhood. But I have known others go out into the fields, and scream their loudest in the vain hope that they could break their voices and escape from the cathedral work. The one person who did his duty to us was the organist, and it was no small pleasure to me to hear him say before his death that I was one of the few of his old boys who had been a joy to him in his art-work.

In a somewhat recent visit to the cathedral city I found, on inquiry, that the old condition of things was still going on. The school arrangements, under the same schoolmaster, are even more unsatisfactory than they were, for the boys have less schooling than formerly. The old singing-master also is still at his post, and the boys, some of whom have lovely voices, show the need of an immediate change in this respect. Both these men must be at least seventy years of age.

Had I not known that no change for the better had taken place in the condition of the choristers and their treatment by the cathedral authorities—except, indeed, a slight increase in their pay—I should not have put myself to the pain of recalling to remembrance my old chorister-boy days and their troubles, and inflicting them on my readers.

Will any good come of it ? I earnestly hope so. At any rate it is

only right that the world should know how these things have been, and still are being, managed. It may, and should, induce the authorities to look into their arrangements and to set their houses in order, before the question is raised by the general public whether such things are to be permitted to continue.

Had it been a question concerning the clergy, or their families, it would have been disposed of long ago — but “there are plenty of choristers.” Reform, however, must inevitably come, and that speedily. Is it to come from within, or from without?

C. E. J.

ORGANIST, OR PRECENTOR.

IN the present number of this journal we obtain our second glance into the mysteries of chorister life : much information we have still to glean before our inquiry may be considered complete.

In the few remarks with which I introduced the first of a series of papers, written by old choir boys from all parts of England, I declared my intention to give fairly all the evidence that had been so readily, and often painfully, given to me, and then to attempt to deduce the lessons which the varied personal experiences should afford. I believe that much light will be thrown upon points that range, mainly, in two groups ; and that we shall gain valuable information as to the real attitude of the Church toward music and, also, with respect to the true worth of that kind of training so often vaunted by mere platform idlers as of unspeakable value.

But, within the last month, an example of the working of the cathedral system has been brought so prominently into public gaze as to demand some notice in a journal devoted to the interests of art and artists.

At the recent conference, in London, of the National Society of Professional Musicians it was my privilege, by a reference to a trial then pending, to endorse some remarks whereby Mr. Page drew attention to certain difficulties with which musicians, specially, have to contend. The objections then existing to an unreserved discussion of the subject have now been removed.

On Wednesday, January 20th, the Bishop of Bristol, represented by his Chancellor, held a visitorial court to hear and determine the appeal which Mr. George Riseley preferred against his illegal dismissal from his post of organist of Bristol Cathedral.

The appellant—who had faithfully served the cathedral for thirty-two years, as choir boy, as assistant organist, and finally as organist and master of the boys ; who had worked cordially with and enjoyed the warm friendship of the late Precentor, Mr. Heys ; who had evidently obtained the respect of the members of the Chapter and of the officers of the church, generally ; and who had, confessedly, discharged his duty blamelessly until the advent of the present controller of the choir—had, in

February, 1883, the misfortune to offend the Revd. — Mann, who had, in the previous year been intrusted with the ordering, though not the preparation, of the music of the daily service. The offence was concerning a truly important matter of attire—namely, the compulsory wearing of white ties by the choristers! The Dean and Chapter, probably disgusted at the invoking of their interference in such a vexatious question of ecclesiastical fashion, quieted the squabble, and order was restored; though whether the Precentor maintained his point or not does not appear.

On the service paper for Whit-Sunday, 1884, an anthem was placed which, owing to the absence of two of those members of the choir who were accustomed to sing its solos, Mr. Riseley (whose duty it was to prepare the music) judged could not be properly given. The Precentor thought otherwise, and ordered it to be attempted. The Organist was not in the spirit to attack a solo anthem when his soloists were not present; but the Precentor was possessed by so hot a spirit that, without any respect for the opinion of the chief musician, he insisted upon its performance. Mr. Riseley played an anthem for which he had the requisite performers; and was reported to the authorities. After hearing both sides the Chapter rebuked the organist for not attempting an impossibility: his duty being but to obey, whoever had blundered. And, being in an impartial frame of mind, or else having just an inkling of perception of the absurdity of censuring the man who had sense enough to know what could be done and what could not, they expostulated with the irate cleric who thought the choir could sing "with the spirit" though not with the understanding, or the requisite voices.

This irritation No. 2 was quieted, and it was fondly hoped that the millennium was at hand, and that the little children of the choir would lead, or be led by, the reconciled disputants in the ways of pleasantness and harmony. But the feet, that should have been shod with the preparation of the "gospel of peace," and "beautiful upon the mountains," stumbled over some very small difficulties.

In the May of 1883 the Dean wrote to Mr. Riseley—"The Precentor has been fully informed by me that the Chapter requires from him that he shall consult the organist as to any objection or remark you may have to make on the music which he means to appoint for the services during the week, and that the Chapter will require from him, addressed to the Dean, if in residence—otherwise to the Canon in residence—any reasons for not adopting your suggestion."

Canon Girdlestone—who was the Canon in residence at the time of

Mr. Riseley's appointment, who negotiated with him the terms of his service, &c., who appears to have always interested himself in matters connected therewith, and who would, therefore, naturally be regarded by the organist as the mouthpiece of the Chapter in its communications to him, or with the government of the musical arrangements—seems to have written (whether voluntarily, or as conveying an injunction from the capitular body, is not quite clear)—“For the order of the Chapter is that the Precentor select the music in consultation with the Organist; but if the Organist stated that, for any reason connected with the organ or the choir, the music selected cannot be efficiently performed, the Precentor is bound to act on that representation.”

It would seem that Mr. Riseley somewhat confused these two orders, or letters, respectively from the Dean and Canon Girdlestone; and, in writing to the Dean, he quoted the Canon's instructions (“For the order of the Chapter,” &c.) as though they had come direct from Dean Elliot. And, when applied to for an exact copy of the mandate so signed, the organist, apparently ignorant of the mistake he had made, replied to the Dean—“I sent you a verbatim copy ‘For the order of the Chapter is,’ &c., &c., from a communication I received from Canon Girdlestone.”

The mistake made in Mr. Riseley's first letter (of confusing the words used by the Dean in writing to him in May, 1883, with what Canon Girdlestone wrote on the very same subject, and substantially to the same effect) led to a lamentable misunderstanding. The Dean repeatedly applied for an explanation which Mr. Riseley thought he had given over and over again. And, apparently, the error might have continued till now, had not the Dean, on the 24th of June, 1884, so fully stated the whole case as at once to show Mr. Riseley the little blunder that had given rise to a controversy producing much irritation.

The organist's reply, two days later, proves his innocence of any desire to mislead, and his regret for the mistake that had led to much excitement. With reference to the principal charge brought against Mr. Riseley the Bishop explicitly acquits the organist of any intention to deceive the Dean. Indeed, how could Mr. Riseley have thought to deceive Dean Elliot by a quotation from a document of which, assuredly, a copy would be retained in the Dean's possession?

But the trivial squabbles with the Precentor—who appears to have been blind to the difference of his own rank in his profession and Mr. Riseley's in his, and to have been forgetful of the respect due to an artist of eminence and experience—had left an unsafe feeling among the active

officers of the church : and the Chapter became desirous of tabulating more distinct rules for the guidance of the organist and for the regulation of his duties.

Accordingly, a scheme was considered by the Chapter ; and an attempt was made to impose upon a man who, confessedly, was an honour to the cathedral, and concerning whose care of the music of the service no complaint had ever been made, new and elaborate rules. Mr. Riseley justly pleaded that, while he was ever ready to give his best efforts for the improvement of the services, he must rely upon the agreement made with him, on behalf of the Dean and Chapter, by Canon Girdlestone ; with a copy of which the Dean had been supplied Nov. 12, 1884. On the following day he had to send another copy of the said agreement, and added, "I beg, most respectfully, to say that, as the time at my disposal for correspondence is so limited, I trust I shall not again be troubled."

On the 6th of the following month the Chapter gave Mr. Riseley notice that his services would not be needed after the expiration of three months.

But Mr. Riseley was on the foundation, and declined to accept the notice.

It is stated that the appointment was offered successively to two of Mr. Riseley's assistants, who respectfully declined to occupy his position. Then an advertisement appeared. I happen to know that several eminent musicians were, by information respecting Mr. Riseley's treatment, deterred from applying for the appointment supposed to be open. If the same honourable spirit could be infused into all artists, such arbitrary treatment of the unfortunate musicians from whom everything, save self-respect, is too often demanded would soon become impossible.

On Tuesday, January 26th, the Bishop of Bristol gave judgment entirely in Mr. Riseley's favour. His Lordship declared, by the mouth of his Chancellor, that the appellant had not been guilty of insubordination ; that he was within his right when he objected to an entirely new arrangement ; and that he had not been duly called upon to show cause why he (a freeholder of the cathedral) should be dismissed. The Bishop's order, therefore, was that the resolutions of the Chapter of July 3rd and October 1st, 1885, be reversed, and that Mr. Riseley be reinstated in his office of organist and master of the choristers.

The Dean and Chapter were, courteously, offered a fortnight for consideration of their position : Mr. Riseley's counsel stating the earnest

desire of his client that nothing tending to hurry the authorities should be done. And the information that Mr. Riseley was to resume his duties on Thursday, the 11th inst., comes most pleasantly ; and excites the hope that the recent falling out of friends may, really, lead to a renewal of love.

But, at least, one unhappy result remains, in the shape of a very heavy bill of costs, which Mr. Riseley must pay.

In a secular court such a decision as has been given in the Bishop's Court at Bristol would carry costs. But the Chancellor had not the power to relieve the appellant from any portion of the charges he had incurred in his successful attempt to resist injustice.

Mr. Riseley's demeanour, all through, has been such as to show that he did not shrink from pecuniary loss in maintaining a cause that affected his professional brethren as well as himself. But it would be unfair for those brethren to allow one who has had the misfortune to have to stand in the breach, and to fight a battle which should strengthen the feeble knees, to be mulcted in the sum of £400.

I am glad to know that not only have his fellow professors warmly congratulated Mr. Riseley, but, not content with mere polite phrases, they are, throughout the country, subscribing to a "defence fund," and thus showing their willingness to help to bear one another's burdens.

The Bristol people, also, are recognizing the fitting time for testifying their appreciation of disinterested and self-denying work on their behalf. Mr. Riseley has persevered long in the endeavour to raise the tone of musical thought in the West of England, and it is only right that he should now gather some fruit of his labour.

But professed musicians, throughout the land (and, especially, organists), have a special and peculiar obligation to discharge, and should support by their outspoken approval, and by their ungrudging help, one who has manfully asserted his, and their, rights.

HENRY HILES.

THE CHOIRMAN OF GREYFORD.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM that time Wil Hogarth's position in Greyford was altered. He no longer lived the quiet life of a recluse, singing the services of the church, pursuing his studies in composition, which had become so engrossing to him; and, by way of recreation, making music in the evenings with a few congenial spirits whom he had gathered round him from the town. The even tenor of existence, of which he had lately complained to Charlie Watson, was broken. He constantly found himself noticed, observed, or carefully and consciously overlooked. The great people of Greyford were aware of him, were talking of him; some of them even were willing to recognise him. He might, if he had been callous and thick-skinned, have achieved some sort of social success, even in his present position in the choir. But though he was rather easy than touchy in temperament, his independent spirit refused to tolerate the condescension that marked some of the overtures made to him. He preferred the recognised position he had amongst the choirmen, though he associated with none of them but Charlie Watson, to an uncertain one held on sufferance in the drawing-rooms of the Close. Still, he went to many of the musical parties to which he was invited, though it was no motive of ambition or desire to gain a footing in a class that regarded itself as above him, that took him there. He knew why he went, and he allowed himself the indulgence of what was fast becoming the delight of his life, because he told himself it could hurt no one but himself. He had not reached the stage of love to regret his folly, or to rail at himself for adding fuel to a fire that must finally scorch him. That might come later. At present he simply felt, as most men of imaginative power do at one period of their lives, that there was one woman above all others in beauty and virtue. The sight of her sent a thrill through him; the sound of her voice was a joy; and since that was so, he would see her and speak with her as often as he could. He was not going to

let the fear of what he might subsequently suffer rob him of the sweets of an intercourse that was, at best, limited and fragmentary. He would not fight shy of the pleasing madness just because he was conscious of it. He was bold enough, so he thought, to accept uncomplainingly the consequences of his temerity.

And his meetings with Eva Leighton were too rare to be lightly given up. He saw her, to be sure, very often at the morning and evening prayers in the church. She became, just about this time, very rigid in the observance of the ordinances of the Church. She would leave a very pleasant game of tennis, or break through a round of calls with her mother, that she might be in time to accompany her father to evensong in the choir of the old cathedral. Her friends remarked that Eva Leighton was really getting inconveniently religious; but she went her own way as usual, never changed from the carrying out of a desire or plan by the tacit, unspoken influences around her, which ordinarily do so much toward the moulding of our daily life. The disregard she had of the trite opinions of others, the indifference of her courage, raised her mostly above comment. But she had, also, a shield in her father; from whom she demanded, in a loving, imperious way, a great deal of service. He acted in concert with her often when she did not wish to be alone. He looked Mr. Hogarth up on one or two occasions when he might have entirely forgotten him, but for a reminder from someone else. He came to take a great interest in that young man, to have a belief that his talents were remarkable, and that they ought to be helped forward, without being conscious that his daughter had done what she could to assist him to these convictions. He always recognised Wil with genuine friendliness whenever he met him at the houses of his friends, and was glad to have a talk with him; and if Eva was often by at these times he would regard her presence as accidental. But in these drawing-room encounters that were so much looked forward to, Wil had not any longer to complain of a too palpable kindness on Miss Leighton's part. She never again made an open advance. She had shown him with some resoluteness, at the Deanery, that she meant to recognise the acquaintance that accident had brought about; but after that it was his part to seek her out, if he wished it. So Wil had sometimes to hang on the skirts of a little crowd before he could get to her, or wait for the chance of a few minutes' talk that perhaps never came. He grew to be very impatient under these restrictions, to be discontented with the scrappy common-places he exchanged

with her in the hearing of the people about. He felt it all the more that the smile with which she greeted him was always sweet and radiant, and he asked himself how it was she did not help him to better opportunities for talk. Under these circumstances his songs were a relief to him. He could throw more feeling into his voice than was permitted to him in speech, and Eva unwittingly answered him in the same language. Their duets came to be a feature in all the musical evenings of Greyford; and their success was, perhaps, too marked to altogether escape comment. Canon Leighton was powerless to help in this direction. It was after one of these performances, when their singing had seemed a spontaneous expression of feeling, and the sympathetic *timbre* of their voices had delighted not only themselves but all their hearers, that one of Miss Leighton's girl-friends whispered to her companion, "Really, how Eva does sing with that young man! If she were anyone else she would get talked about." But the incredulous laugh of her less shrewd friend proved the security of Eva's position. "Jane, you are absurd. He belongs to the choir. Do you think she would sing with him if she did not know his voice showed hers off?"

But though Wil Hogarth went to the musical parties at Greyford for no other purpose than to meet Eva Leighton, he came to like many of the people he met there. With the Precentor of the Cathedral he formed a close acquaintanceship which was not without advantage to him. Mr. Alton was a man of considerable musical acquirements, though his influence upon the cathedral music was small. He had never worked smoothly with Dr. Mason, who brooked neither interference nor any partnership in command; so that his interest in the choir had gradually become a passive one. He felt a genuine interest now in this young choirman, and he was anxious to know if the estimate he had formed of his talents was an exaggerated one. He wished to see if the promising blossoms would ripen, in the fierce light of publicity, to the good, sound fruit of fulfilment, or shrivel into the dry, insipid seed of a talent forced beyond its capacities. So much that is promising has no fulfilment. He drew Will out, got him to talk of himself, and show him his compositions. There was, in particular, a cantata that Wil had just finished that he was anxious to have the Precentor's opinion of. He had written it for no special purpose; he was only wishful, like all young composers, to try his wings in a higher flight. A subject had lent itself sympathetically to his mind; he had got a libretto written for him, and he had set to work to clothe with dramatic musical

interest—supposing it were in him to do it—the legend of St. Catherine of Alexandria. The work had engrossed him for some months; and though he had now lost much of his interest in it, it was actually finished, and he felt at its completion a certain amount of elation and belief in its merits. He had shown it to his steady helper and friend, Alcock, the organist of St. Paul's, as well as to the Precentor. Both of them seemed struck with it, and expressed themselves desirous that it should be performed. There seemed, certainly, no likelihood of this coming about; when, all at once, an opening presented itself strangely enough.

The Greyford Musical Festival was to be held in the late summer of that year, and only a few months before the time fixed, when all arrangements were made and rehearsals began, word came from a foreign composer who had been commissioned to write especially for it, that his promised work was not, and could not be, finished in time. But it is an ill wind that blows no one any good; and Hogarth's friends saw in this disaster an excellent opportunity for bringing forward his cantata. Canon Leighton and Mr. Alton, both of them members of the Festival Committee, bestirred themselves in the matter; they spoke of it to other members, and it became generally talked of. But, when the committee formally met, it appeared that some of the gentlemen, headed by Mr. Yardley, a prominent lawyer of the town, had another proposition to make. It was stated that Dr. Mason had a composition ready of the right length and style; and it seemed to them suitable that a musician of long standing amongst them should be publicly recognised by the choice of his work in the emergency with which they had to deal. The question, once raised, was not allowed to drop, though it did not meet with ready acceptance. Both parties, the one for Dr. Mason's work, the other for Wil Hogarth's, had their adherents; and neither seemed inclined to give way. It was not so much a question of musical merit—since very few of the committee had any musical knowledge, or had seen the compositions in question—as of which competitor had the warmest friends and supporters. And it seemed that, in this respect, Wil Hogarth was not a whit behind Dr. Mason; he had rather the advantage over him; for the harsh-spoken choirmaster had made enemies by the incisiveness of his truth-speaking. The committee adjourned without arriving at a decision.

And now came a few days of uncertainty that were wretched to Wil Hogarth. He had allowed himself to set his hopes on this cantata and

the results of its performance before he knew of the existence of Dr. Mason's work, and it was hard to give them up. He found himself more than ever desiring to push his way in the world, and to have done with the Greyford choir. This eagerness and restless ambition were new to him ; but he felt now he had greater stakes in life than he had dreamt of in the old quiet days when there was only himself and a just recognition of his talents to be considered. If his cantata were rejected, it would seem a cruel thing ; and yet fairness compelled him to acknowledge that neither would it be a light matter for Dr. Mason to see his work pushed to one side by that of a younger man and a subordinate. These ever-recurring thoughts troubled him, and he found no escape from them in his intercourse with others. It seemed to him that all the world was talking of the rival cantatas ; and indeed the little world of Greyford was busying itself about the matter. Everyone had taken one side or the other, and the question was warmly discussed. Some affirmed that Dr. Mason, as the older and better known man, should have the preference others said that as a chance vacancy had occurred it was a good opportunity to bring forward the unusual talents of an unknown composer ; while to Dr. Mason it was due, in respect to his age and position, that a definite commission should be given for a work to be fitly prepared for a future festival. All this talk and discussion vexed Wil. He did not like the position and the feelings it excited. He was placed in distinct rivalry with a man who held a post above him, and with whom he came into daily contact as a subordinate. He knew that in a few days either he or Dr. Mason must suffer what would be felt as a humiliation at the hands of the other, and he felt that Dr. Mason was equally conscious of the fact. Which would it be ?

It was on one of the last of these days of uncertainty that Wil was overtaken on his way to morning service by the precentor. He was becoming morbidly anxious to escape his acquaintance, for fear of a renewal of the dreaded topic ; but Mr. Alton came upon him from behind with a hearty " Good morning ! You are just the man I wanted to see." Then, as he fell into Hogarth's pace, he continued, " I have seen Mason's cantata. I borrowed it from Mr. Yardley, and went through the whole thing yesterday in the quiet of the Sabbath."

" Well," said Wil anxiously, " and what do you think of it ?" He had a great opinion of his companion's powers of judgment.

" Just this. It is dry. That is the only word for it. Dry as the bones in the vision of Ezekiel." His tone of satisfaction was a check to Wil's own feeling.

"Perhaps," he said, with a grim smile, "like them it will come to life."

"Impossible! it can never be a success."

"But some of his compositions merit success," Wil felt bound to say. "His scholarship is splendid. I know I often envy it."

"Oh, his scholarship is admirable, I know. But scholarship will not float a work—it will sink it, if it has no other good point. Mason's cantata may be revived some day by an antiquarian society, but it will never float in the sunshine of popular favour, neither then nor now."

"And that is what we are all striving for," said Hogarth, who was in a bitter and harassed mood. "The sunshine of popular favour! Is it worth what we are willing to go through for it, I wonder? But what does Mr. Yardley think of the cantata?"

"Oh, Mr. Yardley has no opinion, musically speaking. He is a very useful man in the business and financial department of the festival, but he knows nothing of music. I shall take care to let him know, before the committee meets again, what I think of Mason's work."

They had reached the church door, and it was with these words in his ears that Wil turned into the robing vestry. His friends then were willing to disparage the sound work of his rival in the zeal of party strife; and in doing it, they but spoke out the whisperings of his own mind. He went through the service heedlessly, he sang by rote, and his thoughts were ceaselessly occupied with the position. Eva Leighton was absent from her usual place in the stalls, and there was not the sight of her face to break the monotony of his meditations.

It was with a moody face that he crossed the cloister with Charlie Watson when morning prayers were over, and turned into the big old collegiate room where choir practice was held.

"Alas!" sighed Charlie on the way, "there is the new anthem by Dr. Mason to go through."

"Aha! Master Charlie, so you feel about the same as little Ward, though you did snub him for calling it 'a beastly thing' in your hearing."

"Oh, well, the youngsters must be kept in order. But the thing is difficult, there is no doubt. Have you looked through it?"

"No," Wil answered shortly.

"I have tried the tenor part, and cleared away what might be rocks ahead. And the boys have had some hard practice on it already, poor

little beggars, so perhaps we shall get along better than I thought, and there will be no worrying. It is very bad when Dr. Mason begins to worry. Wil," he went on with sudden intentness of tone, "Dr. Mason takes very ill all this talk about your cantata, I am sure."

"Don't think of it," Wil answered with the harshness of voice that was with him the chief sign of vexation or anger. "Or at least don't talk of it. It can't mend matters."

"No. But I wanted to warn you. Dr. Mason is looking his grimmest this morning."

"There is no need to warn me. I am prepared for whatever may happen."

"And you will bear it," said Charlie, looking at his companion steadily and anxiously, "as splendidly as you have always borne his neglect. Then, there was no cause for his treatment of you; now, there is cause enough to make you charitable."

The fierce, hard light in Wil's eyes softened somewhat before Charlie's gaze. "What if I break loose?" he said with a harsh laugh. "Wait, lad, wait and see."

The men and boys were already assembled in the practice room, and Dr. Mason followed them in. The lines of his strong, marked face seemed more fixed than usual, and his manner more curt. His mood was reflected in those about him. The boys wore a restless, depressed expression on their fresh young faces; the men looked dispirited. Yet the start was brisk, perhaps because of the sense of storm in the mental atmosphere, and some minor pieces were gone through smoothly and rapidly. Then the work of the morning came on, Dr. Mason's new anthem, "Blessed are the people." The members of the choir were loyally proud of their leader's skill in composition, and of the position he held among musicians; but there was no doubt that they addressed themselves to the mastering of this fresh effort of his pen with a bad grace. It was learned, involved, and unmelodious. The massive dignity of his earlier works had degenerated into dreary heaviness; his strong points had become peculiarities.

Dr. Mason, in a few words, gave a brief and useful analysis of the composition, as his custom was; pointed out an awkward phrase or two, tried the boys in a difficult passage, and then the start was made.

All went well in the first portion, which was constructed on a well-defined theme. But the following movement was elaborate and difficult. The choir—the energy of its first care exhausted—was pre-

sently aware of being in deep water. The singers began to take their notes, still with tolerable accurateness, but with that separateness as to sound, that obliviousness as to sense, or rhythm, or connection, that is above all things irritating to the ear of the musician. They felt their way cautiously on, unchecked by the choirmaster, on whose face a storm was gathering; but the slip came before long, as it was bound to come. It was one voice only, a bass, that failed to bring in the right note where the principal phrase reappeared in a new key. The discordance was not great; the voice righted itself on the next note; but already Dr. Mason's baton had come smartly down on the woodwork of the desk before him, and the voices, poised midway in their career, fell suddenly with a grate and a jar. The second's silence that followed was uneasily felt.

Dr. Mason fixed his eyes, with a look keen as an eagle's, on the man he picked out as the culprit.

"It is surprising," he remarked cuttingly, "that a man who calls himself a musician can't recognise the sub-dominant of a relative minor key, and sing it. Try the passage alone, Hogarth."

Wil turned a fiery red, and his eyes flashed like lightning that the thunder of his speech was to follow. Then, as if drawn by the magnetism of a gaze, he looked across to where Charlie Watson stood. The instant's pause was effectual. While the colour died from his face, he glanced at the manuscript before him, and he trolled forth in his full clear voice the obnoxious passage. There was neither fault in the rendering nor any uncertainty.

Dr. Mason did not meet his eyes when he lifted them from the leaf. "Right!" the choirmaster admitted. "Let us proceed."

The practice went on, and the passage was smoothly sung, but the incident did not go by unfelt. A fierce anger burnt in Wil's breast; a sense of wonder and astonishment at their leader's unusual proceeding and at his mistake, which everyone was aware of, filled the rest. Dr. Mason himself, by his subsequent laxity, his obliviousness of weak points, testified to the air of disturbance that prevailed. It was a relief to everyone to be done and leave the place.

Wil Hogarth crossed over to the choirmaster where he stood, while the rest trooped out. The two men measured each other with a look, and then Wil spoke with courteous coolness.

"I wish to ask a few days' leave of absence. I can supply a substitute who will, probably, satisfy you."

"I don't know about that," the choirmaster answered curtly. "It would be awkward for you to go just now, when we have started upon a new anthem."

"Excuse me," Wil said, with some deliberateness, but with a look at the choirmaster that was not that of a subordinate, "but you have just taken the pains to show me you don't think so. The greatest blunderer of the choir can be easily dispensed with." He dwelt upon the words with meaning. But they did not compel the answer he expected. Dr. Mason's eyes flashed disagreeably, and he answered sharply, "You will allow me to judge about that. When do you want to go?"

"On Thursday. I have been asked down to Lancashire by my friends, to conduct some of my part-songs that are to be given by a choral society there. I should naturally like to accept."

"Ah, indeed!" Dr. Mason answered indifferently. "Well, I will think about it and let you know." And he walked off.

Wil Hogarth went back to his lodgings with a changed mind, though the situation remained outwardly the same. It would seemingly need his own action to alter the circumstances.

CHAPTER V.

THE moods of men are strange and inexplicable. Their sources lie in such silent, subtle springs as reach beyond our perception and knowledge. We cannot tell the course that the river of human action will take, because the motive that guides the current has its rise in the unfathomable land of human consciousness.

Wil Hogarth's anger burnt hotly all the day. He had controlled it when the choirmaster had wilfully, as he believed, fixed the mistake on him that another man had made, but it was not quenched. He had no more a doubt as to his desires. He wished, without any regret for the failure of his rival, nay, with an absolute satisfaction in it, that his cantata should be performed. He fancied that it would be the chosen one. If it were, why should he care for Dr. Mason's humiliation, or the slight that he would feel it to be that the work of his choirman should be preferred before his own? The cases would only be reversed at last. He had long enough suffered under the yoke of the choirmaster; and

if he in his turn could be made to feel that the talent he had so systematically snubbed had at last got beyond the power of his repressing, well, it might be a satisfactory lesson to the man who could conceive no judgment beyond his own dictum. Since his life in the choir was made too galling for him to bear, he must step out of it by the best means at his disposal, and he need not stop to consider, in accepting the only chance of success he had, what might be the feelings of the man who had persistently slighted and ignored him.

Thus he argued, and, as he believed, with right. Yet a change came, without any seeking, or preparation, or mental combat. It was during the evening service, as the quiet prayers were being said, and while he watched the face of Eva Leighton, that his anger dropped from him like a mask, and he saw the situation clearly with unprejudiced eyes. His heart went out in a pure passion of loving. All other passions died away before it. He would deserve the woman he loved by following the noblest instincts of his mind.

It seemed strange that this girl whom he exalted much above her merits should inspire him with motives foreign to her nature, and incline him to a course of action that was probably beyond her comprehension. Eva Leighton was credited by her friends with being proud and ambitious; yet her lover believed that the very look on her face called upon him to renounce pride and ambition. Love is not a critical discernor of character: it sees in the beloved traces of a goodness too large to be clearly understood, too radiant to be clearly seen. It comes like the rush of a mighty tide and lifts its object higher: it is but a poor sentiment that lies low like a shallow pool, and waits for the beloved to stoop.

Wil Hogarth did not turn homewards with the other choirmen as they left the vestry. He had his course of action to decide upon, since his thoughts had once more taken, now in an exaggerated form, their old tendency. The solution of the problem had come to him with the force of an inspiration, but its workings had to be thought out. And though the thing was clear to him, it was not altogether easy. It would have been pleasanter to slip back into the old position of waiting and doing nothing. He lingered in the cathedral after the worshippers had departed, and the last echoes of their footsteps had died away. He paced the grand old Norman nave in solitude. The influence of the place helped his mind to quiet and resolution. Through the opening of the big western doorway the heat and glare of an oppressive summer's

day showed like a vivid picture in a sombre frame. Within, the great cool spaces of the empty building were seen in the soft subdued light that fell from the clerestory. The contrast was strong and suggestive. The arid fires of desire and anger and ambition could surely be excluded, too, by the cooler, purer light of reason and renunciation.

An hour had passed before he turned homeward through the cloisters. His face was pale and quiet, but a look of determination shone in his eyes. At his rooms he wrote two letters, one at some length, and despatched them straightway. Then he ate his solitary, frugal meal; and, since the evening before him was a blank, he took up his hat and set out for the St. Andrew's Hall, where a concert was to be given.

The performance had already begun when he got there. It was given by two German artists, who were visiting the principal towns in England on a professional tour, under the mistaken notion that well-known musical merit is sufficient in itself to draw an audience. They had yet to learn their error, and to discover, by the not exhilarating process of singing and playing to empty halls, that the English attend concerts—if they attend them at all—from quite other motives than the simple one of enjoyment of the music. This form of entertainment, when properly organized, is regarded not as a pleasure, but as a social duty, and as such is severely attended to; but before public confidence is gained, and a high rate of subscription cheerfully paid, it must be established on a sound basis, as an institution that can boast a respectable past. So it was that these wandering musicians, with sterling music in their throats and at their fingers' ends, retired from our country with but a poor opinion of our power of musical appreciation. The magic wand of custom and respectability that would have wakened it into life they had not wielded, for they did not know of it. The Greyford audience was no exception to the rule. The hall was three-parts empty, and Wil could easily see all the people who were there. Near the front he espied Canon Leighton and his daughter, for whom he was on the look-out. They generally attended all good concerts, whether their friends were going or not. It was Mrs. Leighton only who was decided by the latter question, and she was absent to-night. When the interval in the music came on, the Canon left his seat, and vanished through the doorway. Wil saw the longed-for opportunity, and made his way to where Miss Leighton was left sitting, with an empty place on the bench beside her. He had not spoken to her for

some days, and to-night he desired specially for closer communication than sight could afford. He would like her to know what he had done. His resolution seemed so intimately connected with her that it was right she should be aware of it. She would sympathize, perhaps console, and he needed consolation after the frets and jars of the last few days.

He lingered behind her for a second before he spoke, looking at the bent head and the fraction of a cheek turned toward him. He had a lover-like consciousness of every little detail about her, of the curve of her neck, of her delicately-shaped ear, and of the fringing bits of hair that had escaped from the great coil and lay in little tender curls against her clear skin. But presently that was not enough, and he spoke. It was only a commonplace, after all, that he could utter, though his heart was full.

"I hope you are enjoying the music, Miss Leighton," he began.

She turned quickly from the programme she was reading, and a very pretty flush came into her face as she gave Wil her hand. "Yes; very much," she answered. "You must tell me what you think of it. I am so delighted with Herr Jüngling that I want some competent person to give me authority for my delight. It is fortunate you have come: you will do."

He laughed at her frank gaiety. The charm of her presence had already begun to work. "That is kind of you," he said in the same strain; "and at least you let me know what I am required to say. But you can find greater authorities for your admiration than my humble self, if you look in the daily papers. Herr Jüngling has created quite a *furor* in London by his singing of '*Die beiden Grenadiere*.'"

"Well, it is fine."

"Oh, it is splendid. To hear such words wedded to such music, and so finely sung, is to realise what a force song may be at its best."

"Do you ever sing '*Die beiden Grenadiere*'?"

"I used to do often. Heine's poem is an old favourite of mine. It used to fascinate me as a school-lad, in the early days of my German, by its powerful expression of a fierce, indomitable devotion. I never could sing those final lines without a thrill." And he repeated them now with a full, clear enunciation that gave force to the feeling in the tones of his voice.

Eva Leighton looked up at him, listening but engrossed beyond the sense of the words.

"Yes; I should like to hear you sing it," she said. Then she glanced down, and added hesitatingly, expressing a deeper thought, "Will you tell me some day, Mr. Hogarth, why you came into the Greyford choir?"

At this surprising and personal inquiry Wil's face changed and melted. It raised a perfect tumult in his mind that sent a glow into his looks. He took the empty seat beside her that he had been leaning against, before he answered gently, "I will tell you some time, Miss Leighton, very gladly. I cannot now; can I?" The time was gone by when he would have answered with a defiance veiled in a cool assertion of fact, "Why should I not sing in the Greyford choir since I am paid for doing it?" which was the attitude he had taken towards the world in the months that were past. The question asked shyly by this proud girl suggested a trust and comprehension that he longed to answer with the history of his life. He told himself that he was right in thinking that sympathy, at least, would not fail if he asked for it.

There was silence for a moment between the two—a full, comprehensive silence. He broke it with a short sigh. "I have to tell you something else now—about my cantata."

She looked up again with regained composure, having prudently kept her eyes down during the seconds that had followed her speech. "Ah! your cantata. I am so glad about it, and I meant, if I saw you to-night"—she had thought of the chance of a meeting then—"to tell you so."

"And why are you glad about it just to-night?" he asked with a queer smile. There was no response in his face to the brightness of hers, only a perceptible cooling of expression and even of colour.

"Why? Because it is certain now to be performed. Signor Alberti's judgment decides the question with almost everyone. We shall win the victory, and you will make a grand success and a name for yourself."

The triumph of her tones, the joyful certainty of her looks, were what he was not prepared for. They took him aback; they even, with the knowledge he had of his own irrevocable decision, that made them a mockery, shocked him. It seemed like offering to a man who has just lost his eyesight a treasure of art he has long coveted; or recounting to a wretch cast from the paradise of his desire the sensations that would have been his had he still retained it.

"What do you mean?" he asked again, held back from his own narrative by his wonder. "What judgment could Alberti give on a

work he does not know?" Alberti was the great conductor who was to come to Greyford for the festival.

"What, don't you know? Hasn't my father seen you and told you?" she asked rapidly. "He went up to London at the end of last week, and as he had some business with Signor Alberti he showed him your cantata, and told him the difficulty that had arisen. Alberti looked over the manuscript, and he said when he returned it that the young man who had written it would make his mark in the world, and that he hoped to meet him as well as to conduct his work when he came down to Greyford. Now," she ended with a look of pride that anyone but a man in love would have detected, "don't you like that?"

"It is impossible not to like it," he answered with a smile. "It is so pleasant being praised. It tempts one to forget what comes after."

"But when success comes after, there is no need to forget."

"Success will *not* come after in this case, Miss Leighton; there is no chance of it. Let me tell you about it." He paused, as if he found a difficulty in the way, and then he stated the fact in the baldest language. "There is an end of my cantata. I have written formally to the committee, and withdrawn it from competition."

She gazed at him as if fascinated, with a face that rapidly paled.

"You have not done that?" she said. But she was parleying: she knew that he had.

"Do you think I would tell you so, if I had not?" he asked.

"Then *why* have you done it?" she demanded, with a flash of indignation coming into her face. "Your cantata was certain to be chosen. You cannot wantonly have sacrificed all your hopes and—and those of your friends, for no motive whatever. You cannot, without some reason, have undone what had cost some efforts to do, and on which so much of your future depended." Her face had flushed again; there was a suspicion of passionate tears in her eyes that matched the tones of her voice.

He sat quietly back, chilled and disappointed by her outburst. This was not the sympathy he had expected and hoped to find. He failed to see that her very vexation and anger argued an interest in him; he was merely foolishly, blindly hurt that she showed no comprehension of the feelings that had decided his action, no recognition of his justice, no womanly desire to make up to him in sympathy what he had lost by the sacrifice. He forgot that temperaments differ, and that she had not yet

had time to think out his motive. It was his first collision with a nature that fascinated him, but with which he could not always be at peace. His love was blind, and blind love is sure of bruises, though it may still live on.

"Don't you see that you are making this matter hard for me?" he said in a quiet, restrained voice. "I fought the battle within myself; I feel as if I cannot fight it against you. I fancied—fool that I was—that you were on the side of my resolution: the thought of you helped me to make it. And it was not very easy to give up my cantata, you may be sure."

"But tell me at least," she persisted with some justice, "why you did it."

"Why? why?" he repeated bitterly, in his disappointment. "Can't you guess? I did it because I found the position intolerable. When I looked at the thing dispassionately it seemed to me wrong that a man my senior in years and acquirements, and my superior in office, should be placed in an obnoxious rivalry with me, and possibly suffer defeat. I hope, if success ever does come to me, that I shall not have to walk over another man's hopes to get to it. However that may be, the case seems plain enough now. Dr. Mason has a right to recognition which I have not."

"And how is that?" she asked, with none of the hot feeling subsided from her voice. "Because he has persistently ignored your claims, are his own to be made much of? It is time, I think, that the measure should be meted out to him with which he has served others."

"Ah! don't say that, Miss Leighton. It is what I have said myself. His injustice to me has made it hard for me to be just to him. It would have been easy to find a revengeful pleasure in his discomfiture. And yet it was my anger against him this morning that turned the balance in his favour."

"Ah," she exclaimed, with her head turned petulantly away, "you are too good for me to understand."

"That is not true," he answered quickly and angrily; "I am so far short of being good that at this moment I repent of what I have done. My cantata and the hopes I had set on it mean more to me now they are swept away than they ever did. I did not know that with them I should lose so much besides. Now," he ended rather fiercely, "are you pleased with me for my cowardice?"

She turned then and shook her head slowly. Now that the light of

indignation had died from her face the disappointment was more visible. "It is not so, though you say it. You do not really repent. If I were to ask you now, while there is yet time, to recall your decision, to write to the committee and cancel a rashly-taken resolution, you would not do it, not even to have your cantata performed and all the hopes you talk of realised."

His face went a shade paler, but he looked at her steadily. "You are not going to ask me," he said gently.

For an instant their mutual gaze was silent and crucial; then she answered, with a note of distress in her voice, "No, I'm not: I dare not."

Then the music went on, and no more could be said. Wil Hogarth still sat on; Canon Leighton had not returned, and he and his companion were too engrossed and disturbed to think of a change. They neither of them thought, in the conflict of feeling between them, of the music or what was going on around them; only the sense of each other's presence and their estrangement was strong. When the concert was over Wil took charge of Eva silently, though his expression was still stern, and hers protesting; he put her wraps about her, and drew her hand within his arm to meet the little crush about the staircase. From the top they saw the Canon below, making his way hurriedly against the throng. They both of them turned then for a last word; they had something to say of the thoughts that had occupied them during the enforced silence of the music. She managed to speak first. "Well, it comes to this, Mr. Hogarth, those who fight your battles must be prepared to find you, before the contest is over, on the opposite side. But they may win, for all that, even with you against them. And what a victory that will be!"

But his word was more serious. He did not stop to answer her, or even to consider what she meant.

"I must say good-bye to you now," he said. "I have made up my mind to leave Greyford to-morrow."

For the second time that night she turned pale, but she kept her courage. "Is it to be good-bye for always?" she asked in a quiet voice, very different from the half-forgiving tones of her last speech.

"That is as you like, Miss Leighton. I shall come back to Greyford, certainly; it is a matter of necessity; but just now, for a few days, I must escape."

Canon Leighton had got to them by this time. "My dear child," he said, "is it as late as this? I just looked in at the meeting of the

Archæological Society, but I meant to be back before the concert was over. It was very kind of you, Mr. Hogarth, to look after her. By-the-way, I want to have a word with you about your cantata."

But Wil excused himself. "I have written to you about it," he answered, "and you will probably find the letter at home. Good night, Miss Leighton." It was stiffly spoken, and Eva, looking more proud and statuesque than usual, returned his salutation in the same fashion. Wil made his way home hurriedly. He had yet to arrange for a substitute for the morning service, and to pack his portmanteau. Above all, he had to tell his tale to Charlie Watson, to feel the affectionate pressure of his hand, to see the bright approving light in his eye, and to feel, through it all, with conscious pain, that this was not the sympathy he most coveted, that this indeed only made the absence of the other more bitterly felt. The next morning he left Greyford.

APPENDIX.

THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF PROFESSIONAL MUSICIANS.

MISSION AND CONFERENCE.

THE commencement of the present year will always be a notable era in the record of the progress of the Society, for it witnessed not only the completion of the sectional organisation throughout England, but also the first Conference of the whole of the members, who, gathering together from all parts of the country, met in London, for the double purpose of discussing matters connected with the profession and of becoming known to each other as brother musicians and friends.

To complete the development of the Society, deputations from the General Council visited Portsmouth, Brighton, Canterbury, Cambridge, Norwich, and Ipswich, conferring with the musicians of those and the neighbouring towns, at meetings presided over by leading local professors. Complete success attended the mission, which was heartily welcomed on all sides; and the eastern and south-eastern districts were found as full of willing helpers as any parts of the country previously visited.

It was, therefore, with confidence that the General Council decided to hold the first Conference in London. Finding in every direction in the provinces the existence of an earnest desire for the union of the profession, the wish for more extended means of inter-communion amongst teachers, and great willingness to co-operate for the progress of the art, the General Council felt that there was every reason to believe that the musicians of the metropolis would heartily support, and add the weight of their influence to, the movement commenced by their provincial brethren.

The Conference commenced with a reception of the members by the General Council, on Wednesday evening, January 6th, at the Salisbury

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Hotel. On the following day two meetings, under the presidency of Mr. Ebenezer Prout, were held: the first devoted to a discussion upon the work of the Society, the second to the consideration of the present state of "British Musical Art." On Friday, Mr. Frederick Cowen took the chair, and in the morning "Musical Education" formed the subject for discussion.

In the afternoon a most important open meeting took place at the Charing Cross Hotel, where, for the first time, the objects, aims, and plans of the Society were fairly brought before the musical profession of London, represented, as it was, by a large number of its most influential members.

Instead of giving details which must be already known to the members of the Society, it will, perhaps, be more useful to consider what results have been obtained by the Conference. First, as regards the Society itself, it may be said that the members have shown the great interest they feel in the Society by upwards of eighty of them journeying in the depth of winter, many of them long distances, for the purpose of taking part in the Conference. The members have become known to each other, have had the opportunity of expressing their own ideas and opinions freely, and of listening to those of their friends; and it may safely be said that the result has been to largely increase the interest felt within the Society itself in the movement which it represents and in matters connected with the art.

Perhaps even greater than the influence of the Conference upon the members is the force which it has exercised upon public opinion. The interest taken in the proceedings was evidenced by the long reports which appeared in the daily papers, and by leading articles which have since appeared in most of the musical journals. It is satisfactory to find that the Society, thus brought into the full blaze of public criticism, has passed the ordeal with most encouraging success. This is evidenced by the following extracts, selected from amongst many others.

The *Musical Times* concludes its very complimentary article as follows:—

"So long as the movement may be carried on in the spirit shown to be now actuating its guides, we shall cordially wish it success. Mr. Prout's proposition, which was at the very large gathering of London musicians carried with only one dissentient voice, justly maintained that 'the National Society of Professional Musicians is entitled to hearty support.'"

The *Athenæum*—one of the most critical of the musical periodicals—at the close of a long, thoughtful, and favourable article, says :—

“The Society has begun well ; but, of course, much remains still to be done. At present but a small proportion of the profession has joined ; for no efforts have as yet been made to gather into the ranks of the Society the larger number of musicians in London, to say nothing of many provincial towns still unvisited. But the steady progress of the Society during the past three years, and still more the sound basis on which it is established, augur well for its future ; and it is because we consider it worthy of support that we have devoted this space to the explanation of its character and objects.”

The *Musical World*, after pointing out several dangers to be avoided, concludes :—

“The real and legitimate object of the National Society is the furtherance of artistic sympathy, of personal helpfulness, of brotherly feeling. For all this there is a wide field in a profession which, more than any other, is divided by narrow party spirit and rivalry. If the National Society of Musicians wishes to secure the co-operation and goodwill of all intelligent lovers of the art, it should adopt for its device the words of Dr. Wyld, who, addressing the Secretary, wrote :—‘What a powerful body musicians would be were they united on some broad principles, and would they forego the habit of dividing themselves into cliques, instead of seeking for the general good !’”

Surely no broader principle could be found than prompts the endeavour to unite all who follow the “divine art” on one common ground, in the ranks of a society totally unconnected with any one institution or any separate section of the profession.

It may be useful to consider some of the difficulties raised, and some of the queries put by those who are still wishing for more information.

The Society is accused by some of being, in some inexplicable way, hostile to amateurs. Nothing could possibly be more unfounded. The chief part of the business of the professional musician is to produce as many amateurs as possible, to increase their love of music, to develop their skill, and to educate their taste. In the first official report issued by the Society the following passage occurs :—

“The drawing together of professional musicians did not imply the least jealousy of, or antipathy to, amateurs ; but was an assertion of the right, the propriety, the absolute duty of those who devoted their lives to the advancement and promulgation of one study to unite (as the

members of every other profession, the followers of every other calling, had already united) for consultation as to the improvement of their modes of teaching, of examination, and respecting their position generally."

And nothing has been advocated by the Society implying the least jealousy of, or antipathy to, amateurs. The name of the Society shows, however, that it is intended to include "professional musicians" only; and there is no hardship to anyone in limiting the Association to the special class for which it was instituted.

It is urged, and with great truth, that it is very difficult in some cases to draw a line between the amateur and the professor; the one blends gradually into the other, and it is not easy to define where one ends and the other begins. It is not the duty of the Society to attempt to define this *except in the case of application for membership*, and the wisdom of the course pursued by the Society in not attempting to establish any arbitrary definition is evident, for each case can be dealt with on its own merits, and with regard to the special circumstances attending it.

The consideration of this leads, naturally, to the second charge brought against the Society, viz., that it has not defined what constitutes a "professional musician." In the vast majority of cases there is no difficulty whatever; for the term bears a well-understood meaning. And, whenever a doubt exists as to the eligibility of a candidate for membership, that doubt is to be settled in the only possible manner, i.e., by the consultation of the musicians of the district in which that candidate resides, the people best acquainted with the circumstances.

It is probable that, in the near future, eligibility may be decided by the examination of the candidate, or by an evidence of having passed such an examination as has sufficiently tested her, or his, musicianship. But, to-day, the Society has to deal with things as they are; it cannot ask the vocalist whom thousands crowd to hear to come and be examined as to whether she, or he, can sing; nor can it ask the teacher, who has passed half a life in successfully teaching music, to undergo some test of her, or his, teaching power. The Council of the Society must look at the facts of each case and judge accordingly; and there can be little doubt of the wisdom of thus retaining freedom of action, instead of adopting any crude definition which might exclude many able and competent musicians.

Several journals, writing about the Society, have, by their remarks, created the absurd idea that the Society intends to exclude all foreigners

from its ranks. Nothing could be further from the intention of the promoters of the Society. All professional musicians, settled and practising their art amongst us, are equally eligible. There is no question of nationality, but simply of musical knowledge and skill, as applied to the practical business of life.

It was distinctly stated at the Charing Cross meeting, that a further object of the Society is to elevate and develop British musical art; not, as stated by one or two hasty critics, by ignoring the works of foreign composers (to whom all due honour must be given), but by encouraging, and welcoming, proofs of genius and ability among the ranks of British musicians; and, by such encouragement, stimulating our best artists to put forth their full powers until, in the future, the pre-eminence England once possessed should be regained. The term "national" implies no narrow-minded exclusion of foreigners; but that the Society extends over the whole of the United Kingdom, and that it will exert its influence to encourage musical art of a truly "national" character.

There was a fourth point, raised by a speaker at the Charing Cross meeting, on which many warnings have been assiduously, and quite unnecessarily, tendered to the Society. It is most desirable that the position of the Society with regard to examinations should be clearly understood.

In the missions and meetings of the Society the primary objects and aims of the Society have always been advocated boldly and unmistakably: but the examinations of the Society have never been so brought forward and recommended, because it was felt that the objects of the deputations were, not to advertise the Society's examinations, or to oppose others, but to press forward the unity of the profession. On the other hand, the fact that the Society had, in compliance with the wishes of many of its members, worked out a carefully-considered series of examinations, has never been in any way concealed; but everything in connection with those examinations has been done in the most open manner. The examinations are instituted for the use of all members who prefer them; but in no case have they been introduced, nor is it the intention of the Society to introduce them, except in compliance with the wishes of its own members. A short extract from the report of the Council, read at the last public distribution of certificates in Liverpool and Manchester, will make clear the policy of the Society upon this point:—

"It is also satisfactory to find that the great success which has attended

the examinations has resulted more from a widening of the circle of teachers and pupils who wish to take advantage of the stimulus of preparation for an examination, than from any interference with examinations previously existing. In point of fact, the result of the institution of the Society's examinations has been to increase the interest in examinations generally; not to withdraw candidates from other examining bodies, but to cause many to be examined who would, otherwise, not have been examined at all. This is especially gratifying; for while the Society claims to the fullest extent its right, and its duty, to assist in every way in forwarding the musical education of the people of this country, nothing is further from the wishes of its members than to oppose or injure any other institution working for the same end."

While the success of the movement is most gratifying, it is also amusing to see the astonishment with which many have greeted the announcement that the musicians of this country were actually combining together, were working persistently and harmoniously toward, and with like objects and aspirations were striving for, the union of all, were labouring for the advancement of the common weal of the art and its teachers; were claiming, as practical men of business, to have a voice in whatever concerns themselves and their calling; were forgetting all past cliques and rivalries, and were resolving all their dissonances in one grand harmonious accord; or, as *Figaro* genially puts it, that "the Conference has shown that English musicians have, at last, escaped from swaddling clothes."

EDWARD CHADFIELD,

Derby, Feb. 12th, 1886.

HON GEN. SECRETARY.

NORTH-WESTERN SECTION.

THE thirtieth Meeting of the members of this Section was held in Manchester, on Saturday, December 5th, 1885; Mr. Martin Schneider (of Liverpool) being chairman. Dr. R. W. Crowe (of Liverpool) was elected on the Council in lieu of Mr. Franklin Haworth, F.C.O., who had, through inability to attend the meetings, resigned.

The Secretary introduced the question of the relation of composers to publishers, expressing his indebtedness to Dr. Gower (of Trent College) for the groundwork of his remarks. He referred to some of the difficulties which young composers often meet; and feared that no improvement of the situation could be hoped for until a more artistic feeling actuates those who cater for the market. He suggested that one, of two, plans might be tried. Some of the members of the Society, or of the profession, might establish a publishing company for the purpose of bringing out only really good music; or of interchanging the compositions of members of the company. A committee might be appointed to select suitable, and a sufficient number of, works for publication during each year; and a very close estimate of all risks might easily be made. Some doubt was expressed as to the feasibility of some of Mr. Dawber's suggestions: but it was ultimately decided to invite him to further develop his ideas, and to reintroduce the matter at some future meeting.

On Saturday, February 6th, the usual monthly meeting was held in Liverpool; Dr. G. Marsden (of Manchester) presiding. It was pleasing to find that attendance at the recent Conference did not prevent the members gathering in force, but had, rather, stimulated their desire to forward the aim of the Association.

The chief subject of discussion was the best way of carrying out the suggestions made in London as to more fully and completely extending the operations of the Society; and it was judged incumbent upon the members (now that the skeleton organization of the Association is perfected) to bring within the reach of the influence of the movement all the educated professional men of the different districts.

Ultimately, it was determined to hold the meeting of March 6th in Blackburn, and to invite the musicians of all the neighbouring towns to attend. Mr. Newell (of Wigan) was selected as the chairman.

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And the Secretary was instructed to communicate with the professors in Shropshire and the Lords of Wales with respect to the advisability of holding in an easily-accessible town (probably Shrewsbury) an early meeting.

On the motion of Dr. Hiles, seconded by the Secretary, a resolution was unanimously passed "congratulating Mr. George Riseley upon the recent vindication of his rights as the duly installed Organist of Bristol Cathedral."

And the Secretary was authorized to receive subscriptions, in aid of the fund now being raised to pay the cost of the trial.

JAS. DAWBER,

Wigan, Feb. 12th, 1886.

HON. SEC.

NORTH MIDLAND SECTION.

AT a meeting of the sectional Council at Derby, on December 19th, 1885, the following Professional Musicians were elected to membership :—

Blackbee, R. F., Brixton, S.W.

Longhurst, W. H., Mus. D., Canterbury

Rawson, Miss, Nottingham

Warner, Harry E., London

At the next Council meeting, specially convened, at Derby, on January 23rd, 1886, the following Professional Musicians were elected to membership, as the result of the visit of a deputation from the Society to the Eastern and Southern districts and of the Conference in London. So many names were at this meeting submitted that the Council was unable to consider all, and adjourned until the sectional Meeting to be held at Leicester on February 20th.

Arnold, Geo. B., Mus. D. Oxon, Winchester

Ashton, Algernon, Royal College of Music, W.

Bannister, H. C., R.A.M., N.W.

Barry, C. A., S.E.

Berger, Francisco, W.

Bird, H. R., S.W.

Blissett, A., Portsmouth

Bowman, Frederick, Cambridge

Bridson, J., N.W.

Brouil, J. A., E.C.

Buels, William, S.W.

Cecil, S. J. C., Sandown

Cheshire, J., Brixton

Cole, J. Parry, W.

Cooke, Charles, Ipswich

Cook, Charles S., A.R.A.M., W.C.

Cole, Mrs. W., Ipswich

Cousin, John, Sandown

Cummings, W. H., R.A.M., S.W.

Diemer, Philip H., Bedford

Docker, F. A. W., Hampstead

Draper, Miss Augusta, Brighton

Foster, Miles B., N.W.

Fowles, Godwin, F.C.O., Portsmouth

Frost, Charles J., Mus. D. Cantab, F.C.O., S.E.

Frost, H. F., W.C.

Gilbert, Alfred, Maida Vale

Gilbert, Mrs. A., Maida Vale

Griffith, Edward, F.C.O., Chislehurst

Harradin, Miss E., Hampstead

Hollins, Redfern, W.

Hopkins, Edward J., Mus. D. Cantab, N.W.

Hopper, R. J., F.C.O., Chislehurst

Hoyte, W. S., N.W.

Jones, J. Mallet, S.W.

Jordan, C. Warwick, Mus. B. Oxon, N.

Kerr, Miss, Mitcham

King, Frederic, Hampstead

King, Alfred, Mus. B. Oxon, F.C.O., Brighton

Lane, Barnard, W.

Leaver, W. J., Mus B. Cantab, S.E.

Legge, George, Eastbourne

Leipold, H., N.

Löhr, G. S. L., Southsea

Lovegrove, G. D., Southsea

Manders, Benjamin, Peterboro'

Mann, Frederick A., Lowestoft

Marshall, Charles, S.W.
 Masters, W. Chalmers, Southsea
 May, Frank, W.
 McNaught, W. G., A.R.A.M., E.
 Meen, Fountain, N.
 Minns, George, Ely
 Moir, Frank L., W.
 Nunn, Lindley, Mus. B. Cantab, Ipswich
 Nunn, Edwin, F.C.O., Ipswich
 Nunn, R. Whitmore, Ceylon
 O'Leary, Arthur, R.A.M., N.W.
 Palmer, Thomas, Mus. B. Oxon, Ipswich
 Pillow, J. W. D., Portsmouth
 Pratt, G., Ipswich
 Robinson, Arthur F., Isle of Wight
 Robinson, S. John, W.

Rudd, H. Kingston, Norwich
 Sibley, Churchill, S.W.
 Simms, Frank H., Ryde
 Smith, Henry E., Mitcham
 Stark, Humphrey, Mus. B. Oxon, S.W.
 Stephens, Charles E., W.
 Stonex, Henry, Yarmouth
 Stringer, Henri, Chesterton
 Taylor, Robert, Brighton
 Thorne, Herbert, Brixton
 Vincent, Charles, Mus. D. Oxon, N.W.
 Victor, C. H., E.
 Walker, A. H., Mus. B., Brighton
 Walker, Alfred, Cambridge
 Wood, W. G., F.C.O., N.W.

ARTHUR F. SMITH, Mus. B.,
 HON. SEC.

THE

Quarterly Musical Review.

EXPERIENCES OF A CATHEDRAL CHORISTER.

III.

IN recalling my early experience as a chorister I quite agree with the writer of the paper in the November number of the *Review* as to the pain experienced in re-awakening the feelings of disgust excited by the disgraceful state of things which formerly prevailed—and, to a large extent, still exists—in our cathedrals. But I should be ashamed to allow that pain to deter me from aiding in what I cannot but think the good work of exposing the utter neglect with which the young and helpless members of choirs were treated. I sincerely hope that a healthy interest may be created, and a very sweeping reform effected.

My thoughts turn back to the time when I—being then about seven years of age—was one of a group of small boys standing outside the vestry door of * * * Cathedral. There was a vacancy for a singing-boy; and we were waiting to be, in turn, called in to compete. I had to sing up and down the scale—or “gamut,” as I was afterward taught to call it—and to intone given notes of different pitch, an exercise which was termed “testing the ear.” I also tried to read a passage in the Bible. My next remembrance is that I was suddenly seized by some of the choristers, mounted shoulder high, and carried through the streets to my home. When we arrived there one of the elder lads announced to my parents that I had “got in.” All the apparent enthusiasm was, as I soon found, only the customary mode of extracting from the friends of a successful candidate an invitation for the whole of his new colleagues to tea. Subsequently I assisted at many such celebrations.

But, although the feast was duly given and enjoyed, I was not yet a "chorister," but merely a "singing-boy." Only the four head boys were entitled to the higher title. When I was chosen there were ten of those less dignified "boys," who would in some cathedral establishments have been called "probationers." A year or two later six more were added, under the title of "supernumeraries."

Our ordinary education (?) was superintended by one of the singing men (afterward called "Lay-Vicars"), whose acquirements were certainly not very great. His chief, and almost sole, qualification was that he could write a fairly good hand. He had been a barber; but he had relinquished that business in order to devote himself to the cultivation of the young intellects of the cathedral choristers.

Our schoolroom was in a yard some little distance from the cathedral, and adjoined a paint-shop tenanted by another of the singing-men. The two worthies (the barber and the painter) were very great cronies; so much so that, frequently, we were left to our own devices (wicked or otherwise) for hours together, while they enjoyed themselves in a pothouse close by. Their enjoyment was so absorbing—in a double sense—that, not rarely, they forgot to appear at service.

During the absences of our reputed teacher we used to jump out of the window of our schoolroom and join in a game of fox-and-hounds, or something of that kind. We might easily have got out in the proper way; but we thought it funnier, and more exciting, to climb through the window.

Often at afternoon service there would be only two men; the pothouse attraction being irresistible. Eventually, however, the painter was dismissed; and the schoolmaster, after several attempts to commit suicide, at last succeeded in terminating what must have been a miserable, as well as a disreputable, existence.

A short time before the barber's death our school was removed to a healthier locality; but no change was made in our curriculum, and I can safely say that, when at the end of seven years I left, the only subjects I had, even imperfectly, learned were two, of the three, "R's," viz., reading and writing. We were supposed to have occasional lessons in grammar; but I had only a faint notion of the meaning of the term. Geography was quite out of our reach. At the time I left the school provided by the clergy of * * * Cathedral for the education of the choristers who sang the daily service I did not know the name of the county in which I lived.

So far as I remember I never saw at the school any one of the cathedral dignitaries: nor do I recollect an examination of any kind being held during the seven years I was there.

At first we were kept at the music school from six to eight o'clock every evening. Afterward our attendance was altered; and we went there for an hour and a half immediately after morning service. Our music lessons consisted chiefly of exercises in beating time, practising intervals, and getting up the service music for the following day. The nearest approach to a lesson, or hint, respecting voice production I received was when I was once ordered to "open my throat." I cannot say that the instruction helped me much; for I naturally supposed that my throat was always open when I sang.

The four chief boys lived in the organist's house: but the six younger ones were domiciled at home; and, for their services, received the munificent sum of sixteen shillings and eightpence each half-year. Why this particularly funny sum was fixed I never could learn: but it was paid out of the proceeds of estates left specially for the support of the choristers.

The annual town races lasted for three days. During the earlier years I spent in the cathedral service the boys had a holiday to allow them to attend. Three boys went the first day, three the second, and four the third. The holiday was discontinued: but, as the afternoon service commenced at three o'clock, and only one man attended, the boys managed, by hurrying, to get to the racecourse in time to see the last two or three races. One of the minor canons once threatened that, if we gabbled on so fast, he would intone more slowly; but his threat was not carried out. I have seen a carriage, with a pair of ponies, and belonging to the canon in residence, waiting to take its owner to the racecourse so soon as the service was over. Therefore I do not think that any unnecessary prolongation of the service would have been permitted.

After a few years I was admitted to the rank of a full-fledged chorister, and went to live in the master's house. Whether in consequence of the honour, or the supposed advantages of such residence, I know not, but my half-yearly salary was then reduced to eleven shillings and fourpence.

The four boys, from twelve to fourteen years of age, slept in an attic just large enough to allow a very narrow passage between the two little beds. Half of the attic had been partitioned off as a store closet for fruit; part of the window being left to light the lads dormitory and the

other portion allotted to the apple-room. We had just room to dress in when, at six o'clock in the summer, and at seven in the cold winter mornings, we had to huddle ourselves into our clothes, and to commence vigorously our daily tasks. I have a vivid remembrance of our sleeping one morning beyond the proper time, and, at eight o'clock, hearing the master fumbling at the old-fashioned latch of our door. Being unable to open the door he called one of the boys, and rewarded him for his assistance by a vigorous appliance of a horsewhip. Alarmed, we wrapped the bedclothes around us as tightly as we could, and thereby somewhat shielded ourselves from the master's attack.

First thing in the morning two of the boys had to clean the dirty knives—of which, frequently, there was a goodly number—and to polish the boots. The other two went (with buckets, and with a yoke for their shoulders, from which the buckets hung) to fetch, from a well in the cathedral yard, a supply of water for household use during the day. Then we had to clean the yard; and, except in the winter, to attend to the garden. So that our education was, at least, general enough to include some exercise in such rough gardening as the weeding of strawberry and flower beds, and of gravel walks, &c. When the grass was mown we had all the sweeping and clearing away to do. In the autumn the fallen leaves, after being swept into heaps, had to be cleared away by our hands. When the fruit-trees were pruned we had to cut up into fit lengths, and to split, the great branches sawn off the pear and apple trees, to get them ready for use, and to store them in what was called the wood-house. Great blocks of wood sawn from oaken beams (which, I think, came from the cathedral) had also to be severed—often a rather tough job. Very often this work was continued during the time we were supposed to be in the music-school; and it was carried on, from day to day, until the woodhouse was full and the winter supply all prepared. The work in the garden was generally carried on under the supervision of the master, who promenaded up and down the gravel paths in order to protect the fruit. But sometimes he was called away; and then began the work of spoliation. One watched, while the others filled their pockets with any fruit they could lay their hands on.

On one occasion two of the boys were weeding the strawberry beds, which were a long way from the gooseberry bushes. The master having been called away, a rush was made for the gooseberries, which were then ripening fast. When the master returned all were weeding away, as if very seriously, when, suddenly, his quick eye caught a glimpse of a

gooseberry. "Ha! T——" (calling the boy by his surname), "do gooseberries grow on strawberry plants?" The boy stood up, and turned very red in the face, but did not speak. Stooping down to his work again, out rolled a lot of gooseberries from an inside pocket of his jacket; and, in a moment, the master was down upon him. "You rascal! Turn out your pockets!" A large quantity of gooseberries was laid upon the grass. Calling the two other boys from another part of the garden, the master divided the gooseberries among the *good* boys, who at once commenced eating them, because they had no room in their own pockets for any more.

For some time a weeding knife was missing: but one day the master was passing a tree of jargonelles when down came a large pear with the missing knife stuck in the middle of it. How it got there may easily be conjectured. When the fruit was ripe it was gathered and stored in the closet I mentioned. The cook, who had charge of the key, was constantly complaining of the disappearance of the apples; and of the singular fact that a great many of those in the closet had holes in them, for which she could not account. But the boys could. The window, which lighted both rooms, had a large sill, on which the boys could easily sit, and the woodwork left an open space of about a foot in width, through which a stick, with a nail in the end of it, was easily passed; and, as an apple did not come *every* day, hence the holes in those left behind.

In the winter we had snow-sweeping, and plenty of it; not only off the large yard, but from all the gravel paths in the garden, in order that the master might take his daily promenade. We had, also, to sweep the flags in front of the house; and even a path to the Minster-yard, that the master might not go to the cathedral in wet shoes. It did not matter about the boys, so we were in wet boots all day. After our morning duties of boot and knife cleaning, fetching water, path sweeping, etc., came our ablutions, performed one by one, beginning at the eldest, in the outhouse where we had done our morning's work. A tin or wooden bowl of water, a small piece of common soap, a jack towel on a roller, perhaps a brush (I am not quite sure whether or not there was one) and a pocket-comb were our total requisites. Then we went into the kitchen to a breakfast consisting of bread and milk—cold in summer, boiled in winter—and not too much of it at either season. At half-past eight we had to present ourselves at the dining-room door, to see if we were wanted, before going to our ordinary school at nine

o'clock. Very often one was sent on an errand to the butcher, another somewhere else: the result being that we arrived at school about half-past nine. At a quarter before ten we left school in order to be in time for morning service at the cathedral. From service we went to school. Dinner we had with the two maidservants at one o'clock. We began the meal with pudding, generally of suet; the pieces of suet being from a quarter to half an inch square, and occasionally larger. In the season we were treated to apple dumplings—whole apples, with a crust round each one. After the pudding we had the scraps of meat left from the master's table, with an occasional bit of boiled beef as hard as nails, or boiled bacon; and, sometimes, in the winter, pea-soup, with the peas like bullets. The soup was made from beast's *cheek*, as we used to term it. On the pea-soup days we were favoured with a bit of hot meat, which, having boiled hard, remained so to the end of the chapter. For tea, if we required it, we had to go to our parents' home, for none was allowed at the master's: in fact, after dinner we were not expected there again until half-past eight, when we were regaled with bread and Dutch cheese, and small beer served in the same can from which we had our milk in the morning. At nine we went to prayers, which lasted about ten minutes; except on Sunday nights, when we had to listen to a sermon, which, being the third discourse we had enjoyed during the day, made us very sleepy. The master was organist of a church in the city, at which we had to sing on Sunday evenings after our own work at the cathedral. The payment we received was very liberal:—two shillings each per quarter.

On Sunday we had our meals at our respective homes; not being expected at the master's house, after the boot and knife cleaning in the morning, until night.

Christmas was quite a free and jovial time for us. We were allowed to beg through the city for Christmas boxes; being provided with a book in which to enter the amounts received and the names of the donors. Every evening we accounted for the money; which, at the end of the season, was divided among the four fully-admitted choristers. On the fifth of November, and on four other occasions during the year, on presenting ourselves at the chapter clerk's office, we each received fifteenpence. What the payment was for, and whence it was derived, I never ascertained. Medical advice we had free.

On leaving, each chorister to whom the master gave a good character received fifteen pounds. To me the sum appeared so large, that I felt quite set up as a young gentleman. I was soon undeceived.

The punishment some of the boys received was extremely cruel. It was commonly administered with what the master called a "ferrule," an instrument of torture fashioned somewhat like a large spoon. The hollow part, being filled with lead, fell upon the hand with no light weight. Once, as I thought unjustly, I was sentenced to receive six strokes on my hand; and, as the master could not make me cry, he kindly added a supplementary six on the other hand. Sometimes the birch was administered in the customary manner, and after the ordinary preparation.

I have a vivid recollection of my first solo in the cathedral. I was eleven years old, and small for my age. When I stood up, at the commencement of the symphony of "I know that my Redeemer liveth," I was rather nervous, and, perhaps, did not look very bold, or stand very upright. After three or four bars had been played I received a smart whack on the head with a big book, accompanied by an angry hissing in my ear, "Stand up, you villain!" I cannot say that I felt encouraged; but, possibly, my fears may have been turned into another direction; and, through dread of the punishment awaiting failure, I got through my task better than I should have done without that disturbance of my self-consciousness. But I have some pleasurable reminiscences of that first essay. Among the attendants at our services were some who had a very kindly feeling toward the lads of the choir; and, as I left the cathedral, I had several sixpences thrust into my hands. Often, after that, the welcome tips were renewed: and one old lady sometimes gave me half-a-crown: so that I got to like solo work, especially when my liberal friend was present.

The master, being joint organist with another, played only on Mondays and Tuesdays. On the other days he sang in the choir; and from his place, immediately behind me, was able to give me gentle reminders whenever he thought I needed them. Generally, on Sundays, he was one of the two who intoned the Litany: and, at the conclusion of it, he would leave to attend to his duties as organist at the church in the city. Sometimes, on the days he played, he would beckon to one of the boys during service, and despatch him on an errand. None of the dignitaries seemed to think it strange, or interfered in any way.

Such was the training a cathedral chorister received in my day. An "old boy," who has worked his way up in his native city, was dining one evening with the late Dean, when the conversation turned upon the education of the boys. "Ah! Mr. Dean," said he, "you should have

seen the schooling we received in my time. We were educated literally from *head to foot*"—alluding to the fact that one of our schoolmasters was a shoemaker, who was deposed to make room for the barber of whom I have written.

That "old boy" and I have had many a talk about old times, and respecting the treatment that was thought good enough for the singing boys upon whom so much of the hard work of the daily service devolved.

F. M. W.

TRUE LOVE.

The sunny meads in glee they roam—
A winsome maid, a laughing boy—
And from the leafy hawthorn glades
Ring out their happy notes of joy.
He twines a wreath of fragrant May,
She sings the while a careless lay—
"Tho' fades the flow'r, tho' fall the leaves,
The chain will last which true love weaves."

The childish days are passed away,
The boy, to noble manhood grown,
The maiden, bonnie as the May,
Stray through the woods, at eve, alone.
Beneath the tender moonbeams' light
Two loving hearts—their troth they plight.
"Tho' fades the flow'r, tho' fall the leaves,
The chain will last which true love weaves."

Years come and go—the snow lies white
On tower and hamlet, wood and grove ;
The weary watcher vainly waits
For tidings of her absent love.
Tho' suns may set and moons may wane,
Faithful she breathes the changeless strain—
"Tho' fades the flow'r, tho' fall the leaves,
The chain will last which true love weaves."

Spring smiles once more on every lea,
The sweet brown thrushes sing on high,
And with the balmy southern wind
The captive, freed, doth homeward fly.
Grief, absence, peril, all are o'er ;
Their love still lives, the love of yore.
"Tho' fades the flow'r, tho' fall the leaves,
The chain will last which true love weaves."

MARIAN MILLAR.

MUSIC IN WORDS.

THE relations characteristic of music are of almost universal extent, and not solely present in what we should now term music. Wherever there is motion, whether in literal or metaphorical sense, there is also rhythm. We need not restrict ourselves to such cases as the flowing of the sea, the march of a troop of soldiers, the waving of branches: the like alternations, the like forward and backward movements, are apparent in the rise and fall of nations, fluctuations of thoughts and feelings. Success is never reached by one unvarying even course; the man who is capable of great elation of spirits is also capable of being greatly depressed. We might liken human beings to performers in the world's vast symphony, each one having his special part, passing through changing states of consonance and dissonance, being dependent on the rest of the performers, and they in turn being dependent on him.

The Pythagoreans seem to have been much impressed with the feeling of an all-pervading music when they associated with harmony the movements of the heavenly spheres.

But to specialize. The characteristics of music which are present in speech—"the fluctuant changes of the spoken word"—should have a special interest to the musician, as the consideration of them leads him back to that spring whence has flowed, on the one hand language, the conveyer of thoughts, and on the other hand music (later in its development, though not in its origin), the language of feeling. It will be well to consider what we may suppose to be the origin of vocal sounds of any sort. I think we should here be led to the conclusion that the use of the voice is at first, like the movements of the limbs, reflex. Pleasurable or painful sensations, or emotions, give rise to some employment of the muscles on the part of the individual stimulated. What the special connection may be, or why certain stimulations should give rise to the contractions of certain muscles while other stimulations have a totally different or opposite effect is beyond the present question. Among the

rest, the muscles which are employed in the production of vocal sounds are set in action under a sufficient stimulation, and often alongside of other movements. Before the child can talk it laughs under a pleasing stimulation, cries under a painful one. These utterances are involuntary reactions of the body under the influence of some stimulus, organic or extra-organic. There are even certain rhythmic and melodic qualities in the sounds which the child utters. (Have we not here the prototype of the musician's utterance? Is not his improvisation the reaction of certain thoughts and feelings?)

Later on, as the child advances to a further stage, it performs like motions, utters like sounds, when it perceives some object which, by a series of associations, has become pleasing or unpleasing. At first the sounds by which it is taught to name its parents are vague and meaningless, except as faint expressions of pleasure. The value of the sounds as conveying meaning is continually changing. In its early stages it will misapply words, calling by the same name objects which it will learn afterwards to distinguish. The child then in its gradually increasing power of speaking gives more and more definiteness to its thoughts. Sounds, in the child's experience, precede words, and words, when first used, are but little more definite than such sounds; it is only with the gradual development of the intellectual powers that definite meaning becomes attached to words.

In learning to speak thoughts gain in definiteness, and at the same time a multitude of fresh sounds and inflections is introduced; speech becomes richer and more varied. For many years the tone is a most important element to the child. All its speech is made in a manner approaching to singing, and it cannot so easily understand what others say unless the same tone is adopted. As the child progresses it pays continually more and more attention to the meaning of words, and its inflections become less marked. But we never in speaking are entirely neglectful of the tone. Indeed, in some cases we set more value on it than on the words uttered. We recognise very easily the reluctant "yes," and trust rather the tone in which it is uttered than the word itself.

By taking an example from advanced stages of mental development we shall see that the amount of music words contain will depend to a great extent on the sense they are intended to convey. A lecturer on philosophy usually speaks in one even monotonous manner. All emotion, except that of intellectual delight is out of the question; his subject is

such as would only be hindered by a greatly varied intonation. One great philosopher, indeed, could not trust himself to read, but employed the most monotonous reader he could find, so that the sense might be as little as possible perverted by accentuation. On the other hand, the lecturer on literature, by his very voice, helps to reveal the delight he has had in the reading and study of good books. Not only will his language be enthusiastic but his voice also will reveal the same feeling.

All human beings speak in more or less musical tones. Along with the meaning which is being conveyed by spoken words there are inflections of the voice. It will be necessary to show, as definitely as possible, the various rhythmic and melodious properties of spoken language.

It is not easy to consider in abstraction the musical qualities of speech, to neglect for the time being its properties as carrying meaning. Yet we are able, in a small measure, to do so. We may be at such a distance from persons in conversation that we cannot make out a single word, and yet hear quite plainly the inflections, the cadences, and rhythmic beats which they are employing. Again, a foreigner, not knowing English, would have little difficulty in distinguishing between a reading from a treatise on chemistry, or philosophical book, and another from a critical portion of a good novel. Total ignorance of Italian need not deprive one of all pleasure in hearing a Ristori's recitation of Dante. It is when words have a high emotional value that they contain, in the greatest degree, musical qualities. In speaking, greater stress is laid on some words in a sentence than on others. The same applies to the syllables of a word. There is, then, an alternation of accented and non-accented words and syllables; a rhythmic beat is established. The accents which belong to single words are fixed by custom. The accentuation of words in a sentence which takes place in addition to this is regulated by the sense of the passage. It would be difficult in the case of prose to map out the divisions of the rhythm, as is done in music; yet we know that we are not indifferent to such rhythm, for we express our pleasure or displeasure in reading sentences by speaking of them as "well-rounded" "or awkward." Some give us a sense of completeness; nothing more seems wanting at the end. In others we feel the rhythm is too changeable, or the sentence comes to an abrupt end.

In the case of poetry it is different. The scholar divides off the lines of a Greek play into feet with the greatest precision. If a line halts he rather mistrusts the manuscripts than thinks it possible for the author

to have written an unrhythmic verse, just as the musician detects at once if a bar is incomplete through a misprint. There is a danger in making such rhythm too plain and regular. In poetry, especially when coupled with rhyme, it mostly leads to a monotonous jingle. Restriction to such rhythm in music would lead to productions like in nature to dance tunes and marches where the accents must, so to speak, all come to order. But in music and poetry there has been a gradual and constant search for new rhythms, new metres.

In speech there is, too, the element of melody. We can assure ourselves of this by uttering a sentence first in the ordinary tone, then louder; and by directing attention to the inflections which are hidden amidst the noise of consonants gradually bring into clearness and distinctness the various intervals which have been employed. There is one great difference between the melody of speech and the melody of music proper. In speech the voice generally does not move from one note to another directly; there is not first one note and then a leap to another, but a gradual shading off from the one to the other. In music, the reverse of this is usually the case. But there are exceptions both in the case of speech and music. In very passionate language there may be noticed distinct movements from one note to another, without passing through the intermediate degrees; and on the other hand, in music, the shading off which is characteristic of speech is occasionally imitated by the singer or violinist.

The range of the voice in speaking is much less than in singing. Only under very exceptional circumstances does the voice in speaking pass from one note to another an octave above or below, whereas in music such an interval is by no means infrequent or unnatural. We shall find that in speaking one middle natural pitch has been selected, and that the voice rises above or falls below this according to the sense of the passage. Such intervals as the major second and perfect fifth are of frequent occurrence; major and minor thirds are to be noticed, the latter in pathetic and melancholy passages. Sometimes, in extreme emotion, even the octave is reached. Great emotion will express itself by the higher and lower notes; just as in song the composer finds some of his most telling effects in the high or low sounds of the singer's voice. If he uses only the medium notes, the music will be more of a peaceful, fixed, and settled character; it cannot well portray violent, excited feeling. Dr. Stanford has very effectively used the low notes in the chorus from the "Three Holy Children"—"Bel, great is thy name." Emphasis

is often accompanied by a rising of the voice to a major second, or in some cases a greater interval. In interrogative sentences the voice may move to a note a fifth above; in affirmative sentences it may drop a fourth. These are only rough general statements; there is infinite variety in the inflections depending on the form of the sentence and the feelings with which the speaker may be affected at the time of utterance. The inflections vary very considerably in different languages, and not only so, but in the different districts of people speaking the same language.

In the differences of speech we have one reason for the characteristic differences in music of various nations. Vocal music comes first in order of time, and in framing music to words the great object of the composer is to make the song a more forcible rendering of the words, to intensify and bring out more clearly the passion which would be but faintly expressed in speaking. And to do so he will naturally be led to select certain modes of inflection and certain rhythmic forms which he feels in the words when spoken. In its earliest forms music kept very closely to such intervals as were used in actual speaking. It appears to have been restricted to three or four notes; it was less complicated even than the simpler forms of modern recitative.

As different languages, then, have different inflections and rhythm, so the music, which is the outgrowth of these forms, will exhibit various characteristics. As the Italian language is rich, sweet, and flexible, so Italian music is full of beautiful, florid melody. On the other hand, the German language being harder and sterner, the music of the Germans is solid and serious.

The Latin and Greek languages are extremely rich in musical qualities. Special attention was paid to oratory by the Greeks and Romans, and those orators who, by their brilliant style, have charmed not only their own but later ages, passed through a course of arduous study in schools of rhetoric. These languages are rich in vowels, and in their consonants free from harsh gutturals. The order of the words in a sentence is extremely flexible, so that a rhythmic flow could be obtained very easily, even in prose. The important word in a sentence could be emphatically placed at the beginning. If we need to be further assured of the musical beauty of these languages, we may remember that many of our most musical poets have taken their inspiration from these sources. Milton teems not only with classical allusions, but with classical forms and rhythm. But there is a remarkable exception in the case of

Shakspeare: his music is of purely English growth, and when we hear him "warble his native wood-notes wild" we are tempted to believe our language inferior to none other.

The two elements of rhythm and melody are present in language, but these are not all the musical peculiarities which language possesses. Our speech is not one continuous even flow, every syllable taking up the same amount of time. To become intelligible we must punctuate our sentences. So there is a punctuation to be observed in music. Music has peculiarities corresponding to those which in language find their expression in the various stops. In music, punctuation is brought about by the use of various cadences, and made more apparent by pauses at the end of phrases.

All such differences in music, as of absolute time, *crescendo*, *diminuendo*, *forte* and *piano*, *staccato* and *legato*, &c., have their place also in speech. Indeed, the use of them in music is but an imitation of what takes place in speech. With regard to absolute time, we know that few things are so calculated to produce tedium so much as too slow or too quick speaking. When words are uttered so slowly that they do not supply us with sufficient material for thought, do not keep our intellectual faculties employed, and are yet enough to keep our thoughts from taking another course, we soon become impatient and restless. A like feeling is produced when words are uttered too fast, so that we are unable to keep up with the course of thought. So in music, to take a piece at half or double its proper speed, will become wearisome.

We cannot fix any definite limits as to the speed in either case, so much depends on the special character of the matter expressed. To be impressive, reverential, grave, speech should be slower, and uttered in a lower pitch than usual. A preacher who has special feelings of reverence in uttering the Lord's Prayer, will naturally change to a lower pitch in repeating it, and utter it slowly and deliberately. When in his sermon he is carried away by his feelings, he will speak at a faster rate, gradually increase in loudness, and afterwards return to quieter and slower utterances. Just so in music. In sentences with great import, where several emphatic words follow one another, each is pronounced quickly, and a pause made between it and the next word. This is, in its effect, like the *staccato* of music. Some sentences require to be uttered smoothly, without any abrupt break between the words. Such utterance is parallel with the *legato* of music.

Having glanced at the subject in a general way, it will be interesting

to look more specially at literature, to see what effect the recognition of the importance of melody and rhythm have had on those lasting products of thoughts and feelings.

Alliteration is a common method by which a writer seeks to give emphasis and force to his words—to establish a strong recurring beat. This is not confined to literature alone, but many of our commonplace phrases contain this arrangement of consonants, *e.g.*, "Where there is a will there is a way," "spick and span;" the titles of books, as "Progress and Poverty," "Pride and Prejudice," "Music and Morals." But poetry, and even telling prose, exhibits such an arrangement to a greater extent than our ordinary conversation.

Robert Browning's poem, "Balaustion's Adventure," begins with a line full of it:—

"About that strangest, saddest, sweetest song
I, when a girl, heard in Kameiros once,
And, after, saved my life by!"

An author often, by the words he chooses and by the arrangement of them, endeavours to imitate in some way what he is describing. In so doing he will in many cases be greatly helped by the use of onomatopoeic words, or by the employment of rich or weak vowels, harsh or smooth consonants. Pope, in his "Essay on Criticism," while giving his advice to poets, himself offers very good examples of this imitative kind of writing:—

"True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence;
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw
The line too labours, and the words move slow:
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main."

The following verse from Schiller's "Der Taucher" is a notable instance of the imitative power of words when wielded by a master-hand:—

"Und es wallet und siedet und brauset und zischt,
Wie wenn Wasser und Feuer sich mengt,
Bis zum Himmel spritzt der dampfende Gischt,
Und Flut auf Flut sich ohn' Ende drängt,
Und will sich nimmer erschöpfen und leeren,
Als wollte das Meer noch ein Meer gebären."

Here the fine effect is produced mainly by the arrangements of the consonants. The vowels are not rich; a melodious passage would have been out of place where the tumult of the sea is being described. Consonants lend emphasis and establish the accents—the vowels give richness and melody. As the repetition of a consonant is effective in alliteration, so a parallel effect is produced by the repetition of the same vowel, as in Heine's poem, "Der Hirtenknabe."

"König ist der Hirtenknabe,
Grüner Hügel ist sein Thron;"

Again, in the same poem,

"Ihm zu Füßen liegen Schafe
Weiche Schmeichler, rothbekreuzt."

The following passage from Shelley's "Alastor" is extremely melodious; and on examination we should find it full of the richer vowel-sounds:—

"Thou hast a home,
Beautiful bird; thou voyagest to thine home,
Where thy sweet mate will twine her downy neck
With thine, and welcome thy return with eyes
Bright in the lustre of their own fond joy.
And what am I, that I should linger here,
With voice far sweeter than thy dying notes,
Spirit more vast than thine, frame more attuned
To beauty, wasting these surpassing powers
In the deaf air, to the blind earth, and heaven
That echoes not my thoughts?"

Here we notice the very frequent occurrence of the long vowel "i." In these eleven lines it occurs no less than fourteen times. In the passage from Pope there are out of twelve lines only five instances of it. Edgar Allan Poe has unveiled the machinery he employed in the construction of one of his poems. In his essay on the "Philosophy of Composition" he relates the calm, cool, calculating manner in which he set about to write his poem, arriving at his determinations, where he had any doubt, by considering first the *effect*. He thought over the various artistic effects which had been employed in poetry, and found the refrain to be one of the most telling—the repetition of the same word or words at the end of each stanza. In choosing the word he should employ in this refrain, he was influenced at first by the consideration of sound rather than sense. He selected "o" as the most sonorous vowel, and "r" as the best consonant to use in conjunction. As he had previously determined that his form should be of a melancholy tone, the word "nevermore," as he

says, readily suggested itself. In the metre, too, he invented a new form by a mechanical combination of lines of varying metres into a stanza. Here, then, is the case of a poet thinking definitely beforehand of the sound-effect, and making his thoughts in some measure dependent on it.

In conclusion: It is to the musical qualities which all speech, in a greater or less degree, contains that we must look if we wish to find an explanation of the origin of music and the power it has over us. Those rhythmic beats and successions of melody which are contained in spoken words have in music become so much more intense, so much much more varied, that we tend to overlook the connection. But even in instrumental music, where the separation is still greater than in vocal, we are nevertheless using forms which have their counterpart in speech.

ARTHUR WATSON.

MR. JOHN SPENCER CURWEN'S
"STUDIES IN WORSHIP MUSIC."

AMONGST the many forms of Musical Art which affect the sentiments and emotions of human beings, "Worship Music" stands pre-eminent, not only for the elevation of the ideas and feelings which it arouses, but for the universality of its operations. It attends us from the cradle to the grave, calls up in our minds thoughts of devotion and reverence, kindles hope in our deepest sorrows, raises us from earth to heaven, gives expression to our gratitude for the love and mercy shown to us, and finds a language in which to sing our songs of thankfulness and praise.

Not only is "Worship Music" a first consideration from its spiritual influence moving hand in hand with the whole of our religious life, but it is also a matter of the first importance from a practical point of view. The majority of professional musicians find in it a large proportion of their life-work, and hold appointments connected with its preparation and performance. No apology is therefore necessary for drawing special attention to Mr. Curwen's book, which embodies many years' thought, and gives the result of many years' investigation of the past and present state of "Worship Music" in many of our Christian communities, examines the direction in which it is tending, and describes the best means which have been employed in attaining what is, up to the present time, the most perfect form of the people's "Song of Praise."

Mr. John S. Curwen—as the son of Mr. John Curwen, the practical founder of the Tonic Sol-fa system, who made the improvement of vocal music and of the methods of teaching it the aim and object of his life—comes to us with special claims for consideration. Not this, only: his work bears testimony to unwearied labour, long-protracted inquiries pursued with impartiality and guided by keen observation, but it gives expression to convictions which, although they will not be universally accepted by musicians, bear evidence to the sincerity and good faith of the writer. The term "Studies" was happily chosen, inasmuch as it enables the author in a series of short essays, historical, practical, and descriptive, to give the actual results of his own researches and experience, without requiring him to go beyond those matters on which he is

entitled to speak from his own personal knowledge. All will agree with his views as given in the following extracts :—

“What is, however, most earnestly to be desired is that we should approach this question of worship-music in a large and devout spirit, scorning littleness and repartee, striving to rise to high ground, and to discover the ultimate principles on which the application of music to worship rests.”

“The ultimate principle on which the use of music in worship rests seems, therefore, to me to be in the highest sense utilitarian. Does it quicken and deepen religious feeling and aid in its expression? That is the question.”

This question has been so unmistakably answered in the affirmative, by the experience of the whole religious world, from the earliest records we possess, down to the latest development of worship-music in our splendid modern Christian services, that further answer is unnecessary.

It will not be possible to consider the whole of the matters discussed by Mr. Curwen in the two series of “studies” which he has published. Within the limits of a review it will be sufficient to show the very suggestive and useful character of the work and the value of Mr. Curwen’s labours.

The first “study” is entitled “The Old Parochial Psalmody,” and commences with the following interesting record of the introduction of psalm-singing into England :—

“At the Reformation the English Church at first continued the Roman Catholic usage of music in divine service, except that everything sung was translated into the vernacular. But the most zealous of the English reformers, driven by Mary’s persecution into Switzerland, learned there the habit of singing metrical psalms, which, originating in France, had spread with swiftmess among all the newly-awakened countries. When Elizabeth succeeded to the throne, the refugees returned and brought with them the practice of psalmody, which the English Church was not slow to adopt.”

“After sermon done,” says Strype in his annals, “they all sung in common a psalm in metre, as it seems now was frequently done, the custom having been brought in from abroad by the exiles.”

“The date referred to is March 15th, 1559, when Mr. Veron, a Frenchman, preached at St. Paul’s Cross before the mayor and aldermen of London. The following extracts from Strype are additional evidence :—

“1559, September. The new morning prayer at St. Antholius,

London; the bell beginning to ring at five, when a psalm was sung after the Geneva fashion; all the congregation, men, women, and boys, singing together."

"1559-60, March 3rd. Grindal, the new Bishop of London, preached at Paul's Cross, and after sermon 'a psalm was sung (which was the common practice of the Reformed Churches abroad), wherein the people also joined their voices.'"

"As soon as they commenced singing in London, immediately not only the churches in the neighbourhood, but even the towns far distant, began to vie with each other in the practice. You may now sometimes see at Paul's Cross, after the service, six thousand persons, young and old, of all sexes, singing together. This sadly annoys the mass priests, for they perceive that by this means the sacred discourse sinks more deeply into the minds of men."

It is really amusing to see how early all the existing rivalries between choir and congregational singing sprang into being. Already, in 1636, Butler writes in his "Principles of Music":—

"For some," he says, "that have good minds have not good voices, and some that have voices cannot read; some that can read cannot sing, and some can neither read nor sing. All which are the greatest part of most congregations. And why should it be more required that all the assembly should join with the choir in the artificial singing of their hymns and anthems, than with the priest, in plain reading or saying of the lessons, prayers, and other parts of the liturgy, or the prayer of the preacher before and after the sermon?"

Mr. Curwen says, "This is good incidental testimony—if any were needed—to the existence of truly congregational singing at this time. The music was altogether vocal. Organs were only to be found in the cathedrals and in a few large churches. Indeed, a motion to prohibit them was made in the Convocation of 1562, and lost only by one vote."

In those old days over-zeal seems to have been sometimes as inconvenient as the timid attempts at congregational singing we now sometimes hear are depressing, making us wish for a little of the old vigour. Romaine (1775) says: "There are many in our congregations who seem to think they sing best when they sing loudest. You may see them often strain themselves with shouting till their faces are as red as scarlet." And as long ago as the year 1615 a case was tried in the Essex Court of Archdeaconry, in which the charge brought against the defendant was: "For that he singeth the Psalms in the church with

such a jesticulous tone and allitonant voice, viz., squeaking like a pig, which doth not only interrupt the other voices, but is altogether disonant and disagreeing unto any musical harmony, and he hath been requested by the minister to leave it, but he doth obstinately persist and continue therein."

It is to be hoped that the appeal to the law was successful, and that the gentleman who squeaked "like a pig" was reduced to silence.

Organs and organists, as in the present day, also came in for their full share of abuse and fault-finding. The following extract from the Rev. A. Bedford's "The Great Abuse of Music," 1711, might have been written yesterday:—

"But now," he says, "the notes (of the organ) are played with such a rattle and hurry instead of method, with such a difference of length in equal notes, to spoil the time, and displease a musician; and so many whimseys instead of graces, to confound the ignorant, that the design is lost, and the congregation takes their time, not from the organ, since they do not understand it, but from the parish clerk, or from one another, which they could better have done if there was no organ at all. This makes many say that the organs, as they are now managed, do spoil parochial singing. . . . The notes of a tune, at the first naming of a psalm, are often played with that variety and division, that none in a common congregation can tell what is meant. In this case one in the congregation guesses it to be one tune, and another guesses it to be another. Thus there are many tunes sung at once as the people know, and the organ, which was designed to be a help, is only an instrument to put all into confusion, and at last to spoil the singing."

The same author, when preaching in 1733, thus also falls foul of the choir:—

"There is indeed an abuse which cannot be concealed, and which hath given great offence in parochial congregations, which is, when a few select singers meet together in one part of the church and engross the whole singing to themselves. Singing of psalms is certainly a Christian's right; and we ought no more to be debarred from that than from joining in prayers, in receiving the Lord's Supper, and in hearing the Word of God. Such people have no authority to exclude others, and what they do at such times springs from conceitedness and an affectation of vainglory."

In direct opposition to this, and proof, if proof were needed, that it is impossible to please all parties in a congregation, A. Williams, 1765, speaks of

"The shameful neglect of singing in our churches, inasmuch, that if it was not for a few young people associated together, there would in many of our churches be very little, and in some (I am inclined to believe) no singing at all. Some exclaim much against a regular method of singing in time of Divine service, but nevertheless I think these little country societies, the design of which is to promote it, are very justifiable, for the reason just mentioned."

That Williams was no friend to congregational singing as practised at that time is very evident; for he suggests that if the congregations were properly taught to sing,

"It might also save our churches much expense in buying organs, which are now very convenient to drown the hideous cries of the people."

It is very possible that the opinion of the Rev. A. Bedford upon Mr. Williams might be well worth having.

A striking instance of the remarkable influence exercised by hymn-singing occurred during the outburst of religious enthusiasm created by the labours of John Wesley. It is fully described by Mr. Curwen in his study of "*Methodist Psalmody*," from which the following extracts have been selected:—

"In order to appreciate the place and importance of singing in the early days of the Methodist movement we must call to mind that hymns, heartily sung by a whole congregation, were an unknown element in public worship at the time when Wesley and Whitfield's work began. We are so accustomed to regard congregational singing as an essential of public devotion, that it requires an effort to realise this fact. At the time we speak of there were very few hymns to sing. Watts's were written, but the Dissenters had received them coldly, and were very slow to adopt them. What the Dissenters ignored the Church people did not know at all. In describing the ordinary service of the parish church, Wesley speaks of 'the formal drawl of a parish clerk,' 'the screaming of boys, who bawl out what they neither feel nor understand,' and 'the scandalous doggerel of Hopkins and Sternhold.'"

"Upon this sleep of formalism the Methodists, with their hymns and their singing, burst like heralds of a new life. Crowds were drawn to the services simply by the irresistible charm of the music. To sing hymns was to be a Methodist. . . . The most ignorant and wretched discovered a new delight, and a new sense of responsibility and dignity, in 'standing before God and praising Him lustily and with a good courage.'"

"It is instructive to notice that in the process of religious awakening, hymn-singing came before preaching or even the reading of the Word. It was the hymns which were used to break new soil. A letter from Berridge, one of Wesley's preachers, addressed to his leader, July 16th, 1759, gives us an insight into the evangelising process. Speaking generally of his work, he says :—

"As soon as three or four receive convictions in a village, they are desired to meet together two or three nights in a week, which they readily comply with. *At first they only sing*, afterwards they join reading and prayer to singing, and the presence of the Lord is greatly with them."

Wesley was a great believer in unaccompanied singing. In Dunn's "Life of Dr. Adam Clarke" it is stated—

"The question was once put to Wesley, 'What is your opinion of instruments of music in a place of worship?' He replied, 'I have no objection to their being there, provided they are neither seen nor heard!' To this Dr. Clarke adds : 'I say the same, only I think the expense of purchase had better be spared.'"

This must surely have had a reference to the clarinets, bass viols, &c., which used to be the only musical instruments in the greater number of the Methodist chapels, and not the organ.

Very different was the treatment which worship-music received from the Baptists, who for a considerable time appear to have abandoned worship-music altogether. The peculiar theological views held by this denomination (or, at all events, by some of the churches) led them to reject singing and to carry on their worship with only the aid of reading the Scriptures, exhortation, and prayer.

"The man who restored the lost ordinance of singing to the Baptist churches was Benjamin Keach, pastor of the church at Horsleydown. He entered upon his ministry in 1688, and can have lost but little time in urging the practice upon the congregation. He first obtained their consent to singing after the Lord's supper; and when this practice had been continued for six years he induced them also to sing on public thanksgiving day."

A great controversy arose upon this question of singing, the warmth of which may be estimated from the fact that—

"A story is told of a Somersetshire church, where the members, by a small majority, resolved to introduce singing. The hymn was to be sung at the opening of worship, and those who disapproved the practice

were to remain in the lobby until it was over. Unfortunately the singers broke down at their first attempt, whereupon the malcontents marched in, shouting, 'Dagon has fallen! Dagon has fallen!'"

The efforts of John Bremner to improve the psalmody of the Scottish Presbyterians are graphically described; and the following account is given of the first performance by the pupils from several classes, numbering some hundred and sixty, when, for the first time, they sung the psalm tunes in harmony:—

"No sooner was the music begun, but a sort of dread and amazement seized every countenance; some looked pale and ghastly, others were in a chilly sweat, and many stared at they knew not what; nay, the teacher himself, a thoroughbred chorister, was not only silenced but wepted excessively."

"The movement, however, did not fulfil its early promise; the utmost that it did was to increase the number of tunes in use from twelve to about thirty or forty."

The music of the Scotch Church seems soon to have relapsed into its former state of cold indifference, the precentor frequently going through the whole of the Psalms, Sunday after Sunday, without any adaptation to the service.

"It was probably a precentor of this sort who was the victim of a practical joke on the part of some wags at Harrington Parish Church. They are said to have pasted a piece of the ballad of 'Chevy Chase' at the place where the precentor had left his mark. The poor man sang on in innocence, but was afterwards heard to say that he had sung the Psalms of David for forty years, but never before found anything about Douglas or Percy in them."

Equally amusing was the remark of an old woman at the Abbey Church of Paisley, who, to use her own words, "wad praise the Lord wi' a' her micht, whether she *kent the tune or no!*"

There is a very valuable "study" on "The Organ in Divine Service," which contains many useful hints, and much good advice on the right use of the organ, either in accompanying a choir or in leading a congregation. It also deals with the battle waged so long, and which in Scotland is even yet not fully won, as to the lawfulness of employing the organ in the worship of God.

Mr. Curwen says, and many will agree with him, that:—

"In playing to voices, whether of the choir or congregation, the function of the organ becomes subordinate and complementary. The

artistic, as well as the devotional, interest centres in the voices and the words they are singing. The place of the organ is to encourage and support, to help the intonation of the singers, and to aid in the musical expression of the words. In vocal music every one feels the importance of the words being heard. When these are inaudible, the music sinks into a mumble, and loses its elocutional force and meaning. The tendency of organ tone is to obscure the words. It is inarticulate—does not shape itself into vowels or consonants. The louder it becomes the less able are we to distinguish the words, for the tone rises like a mist upon a landscape, and blots out everything. There can be no doubt that devotionally, artistically, and musically, a loud overbearing accompaniment is wrong.

“When the singing is chiefly done by a choir it is easy to play a real accompaniment. A choir is, or ought to be, independent of the organ, not easily put out or surprised. In such a case the congregation is not taken into account, the musical whimpering in which it indulges exerting no influence on the style or speed of the music. But when a vast congregation takes the singing into its own hands the case is altered. A choir moves with the precision of a regiment; a congregation with the straggling waywardness of a crowd. The organ in this case must necessarily exert itself to secure steadiness of time and pitch.

“One parting injunction may be offered. Do not buy an organ too large or too powerful for the building. The following recent letter from Professor Sir G. A. Macfarren to Sir Gilbert Scott, on the question of enlarging the organ at All Saints', Maidstone, shews the opinion of one of our most experienced musicians on this point:—

“‘On the question proposed to me, I think that if the object be to lead congregational singing, or, more properly expressed, to drown the inaccuracies of unskilled vocalists, a large coarse-toned organ may be highly desirable. If the object be to produce the effect of musical beauty, by judicious accompaniment of a trained choir, then an organ of moderate power but of good tone, and of full pedal compass, is very greatly to be preferred to a larger and louder instrument, which no player, with a real feeling for his task, would use at the full for such a purpose.’

“Professor Macfarren's notion of the place of the organ in relation to voices is clear from this extract, and although he has a fling at congregational singing, his principles must be applicable to it as it becomes artistic.”

The "Organ" is followed by essays upon "Chanting," "Rhythm and Notation of Hymn Tunes," "The Old Fugal Tunes," &c., and then "Congregational Singing" naturally comes in and is fully discussed. Mr. Curwen is a great advocate for congregational singing, but, sensibly and wisely, most earnestly urges that if congregational singing is to be satisfactory it must be made so by the congregation being trained to sing. He says:—

"There is, in short, a duty in this matter of congregational singing, and it must be forcibly preached to the people if their *vis inertia* is to be stirred. Not only must the clergyman, or minister, by his teaching, exalt the service of song, and by his personal example move the congregation to their duty in it,—he, or some trusty followers whose interest in the subject is religious more than musical, who approach it from the side of worship rather than that of art, must exercise a general control over the arrangements. . . . The example of every church whose psalmody has reached a high degree of congregational power and beauty shows that the key to success is hard and sustained work in teaching the congregation. . . . This is the work which strikes at the root of the evil, and surely, but slowly, brings out the general voice of the congregation. The elementary singing class should be a constant appendage to the churches, and should be distinct from the gathering of congregation or choir merely for the purpose of rehearsing the tunes.

"Men must have some adoration, some longing, some thankfulness bursting from their hearts, or they had better not sing at all, for their song will be formal and lifeless. Singing is the expression of joy, and there will always be as much of one as there is of the other.

Only keep thee on the wing;
Music dieth in the dust;
Nothing that but creeps can sing;
Surely, we can sing and trust.

"With the warmth of the worshipful feeling, congregational singing fluctuates in different nations, ages, and churches; in different services and in different parts of the same service. The congregational singing of to-day is dying of respectability. It is the fashion among a certain class of people to repress feeling; to be interested instead of eager, disgusted instead of indignant, and so on all round the passions. To sing with warmth and vigour is taken as the type of a vulgar mind; and if the people who sit behind us sing in anything more than a respectable whisper—their voices, like Mrs. Micawber's, 'the very small beer of acoustics'—we remark upon it on the way home from church."

It is evident that Mr. Curwen has a weakness for the congregation singing in parts; whilst, on the contrary, the great preponderance of practical musicians are in favour of congregational singing being in unison. It will, on consideration, be seen that it will never be possible to train a congregation as thoroughly as a choral society, or to obtain as equal a balance between the different parts. Yet what would be the result if the members of such a society were to descend from the orchestral platform, take their places indiscriminately among the audience, and, without a conductor, attempt to sing even the simple harmony of a hymn? The effect would certainly be peculiarly chaotic; two or three lusty basses here, an energetic tenor or two there, and a general mixing up of altos and trebles. Some might like it, but it is most probable that the number of admirers would be limited in the extreme. Mr. Curwen refers, as a success in congregational part-singing, to the service in Lozells Chapel, Birmingham. He says:—

“At a time when unison singing is being so widely recommended, and the decadence of the congregational voice is so generally admitted, it is worth the while of psalmodists to visit Lozells Chapel. Here, at least, is a congregation singing in parts without any accompaniment, and doing so with life and spirit, and with evident enjoyment and profit.

“The first thing to be noted about the singing is its sharpness and clearness. There is no dragging or drawling; all is life, spirit, and promptness. The accent is good, and the congregation answers most readily to changes of force and movement suggested by the precentor in order to bring out the meaning of the words. But by far the strongest feeling produced on a stranger is that of hearing full and balanced harmony pouring in from all sides. This does not come from either end of the building, it comes from everywhere.”

Yet when we examine the system pursued it becomes evident that the good effect obtained is due to the fact that there are no less than four choirs singing in the chapel at once, whose well-trained and well-balanced singing dominates and controls the whole, for—“The attendants at the psalmody exercises divide themselves on Sundays for the most part into four groups of twenty each. One of these groups sits in the middle of the church, one in each side gallery, and one in the end gallery. Each group contains all the four parts, and not one part only.”

The best point in the system is, that it necessitates the whole of the congregation learning the music to be sung, as the parts must be learnt and studied before the hymns are sung in the chapel, and thus the

whole of the congregation becomes practically acquainted with the music.

It is often urged against unison singing that many of the male voices cannot sing the high notes in many tunes. The answer to this is, that what is intended to be sung by the whole congregation never should be too high for the great majority of voices. All who have heard the unison singing in the large Lutheran churches of Germany will admit that even the simplest choräle, when sung in unison by a multitude of voices, acquire a grandeur—it might almost be said a sublimity—which cannot be obtained in any other way.

Space will not even allow a passing mention of many of the "Studies" which contain much that is most useful and suggestive to the practical musician, nor of the critical visits to celebrated choirs, with details of their management and training. With regard to the latter, it may be said there are few things which require more thought, care, and consideration, than to arouse, support, and yet guide that combination of religious feeling and love of music, which forms the most powerful incentive to submit to the personal sacrifice of ease and convenience necessary to become and to remain an efficient member of a choir. The work of the choir should, no doubt, be undertaken as a religious duty; and it is also no less a duty that the preacher, on his part, should show by his conduct that he appreciates and esteems as fellow-labourers those who thus dedicate their best powers to the worship-music of the church to which they belong.

In quoting the following remarks by Mr. Curwen on some of the causes which create the unhappy differences which are constantly arising between preachers, organists, and choirs, the hope may be expressed that the National Society of Professional Musicians will, in the near future, by a calm and dispassionate consideration of what ought to be the duties and position of the organist, succeed in removing many of the present causes of irritation and disagreement, and so lead to that cordial and mutual co-operation which should in all cases exist between the clergy and their organists. Mr. Curwen remarks in relation to this :—

"Church choirs have the character of being troublesome and difficult to manage. But in the disturbances which, from time to time, take place from this cause the singers are not always the only parties to blame. Church authorities have generally years and experience on their side; while choirs are often actuated by youthful indiscretion.

If the struggle between the two is frequent or prolonged, the chief blame ought to rest with the possessors of years and experience. The fact is, the friction between singers and church authorities, when it occurs, is generally due to faults on both sides. A choir treated with tact and consideration will generally respond to such treatment, and do its work earnestly and well. On the other hand, let the clergyman or minister treat the choir in a 'stand-off' fashion—let him touch it with the tips of his professional fingers—let the congregation take the hint and despise it socially, and regard it as a mere mechanical apparatus for the production of sound, and the result will be seen in flippant, irregular, and worldly-minded singers. The management of a choir needs tact; it needs, also, a hearty acknowledgment of the honourable place which the choir occupies as a factor in divine service. Some clergymen and ministers—it is of no use to ignore the fact—need reminding that the organist, the choirmaster, and the members of the choir are their own flesh and blood, capable of the same higher feelings, open to the same influences as they themselves. Payment for church offices and work—as the clergy and ministers ought to be the first to recognise—does not imply mercenary motives, nor is the recipient of a salary incapable of zealous and disinterested work."

The experience of many will confirm the words of Mr. Curwen. Happy is the organist who is taken into counsel with regard to the music adapted to his service, to the congregation, and to the capabilities of his choir, who is then left free to apply his education and his training in making the best of the material under his command, and who, when confronted, as he is sure to be, by the differing views of many in the congregation, finds that, in return for having loyally carried out the wishes of the clergyman or minister, this latter in turn accepts, as he is in justice bound to do, all responsibility for what is done.

After reading the whole of Mr. Curwen's two series of studies in "Worship Music," few will deny that, rightly carried out, the English Protestant Church service contains embodied within it all those forms of "Worship Music" which experience has proved to have the greatest power and influence over the feelings and thoughts of men. In the responses sung to plain and massive harmony (like that of Tallis) the nameless charm attending unaccompanied vocal music may be heard in full perfection. The same words to the same music, heard Sunday after Sunday, become associated with feelings of devotion and reverence, and tune not only the voices but the hearts of the worshippers. Who has

not experienced how beautiful is the effect of the voices alone in these responses, and felt thrilled through and through as the harmony of the solemn chords has filled the place of worship? There is a simple grandeur which distinguishes these responses from all other music, and renders them worthy of being devoted to the service of God.

Then comes the chanting, that recitation of the inspired words of Holy Writ which has filled the hearts of countless worshippers with joy and gladness—musical with its measured cadences and supported with the full variety and power of the organ to aid in characterising and individualising the feelings to be expressed by the words. Different in character and style from the responses, with movement, harmonies and melodies peculiar to itself, it forms a second element in the sacred service; and one, second to none in beauty and power.

When the musical skill present is sufficient to a worthy presentation of the Canticles sung to the special music written for them by our venerated Church composers, and the earnest musicians of the present day; a further development of the resources of musical art becomes at the service of the Church, in a rich repertoire of compositions, still more expressive because written purposely to bring out to the fullest extent the meaning of the words for which they are designed; and which, from the congregational unison setting to the elaborate Cathedral service, finds each its proper sphere of action.

Then the Anthem, in which the whole of the resources of the musical art are available—because it, like the Oratorio, is intended to be sung by skilled musicians only, and devoutly listened to by the people—in which the feelings are to be impressed by the beautiful solemn singing of those specially gifted with fine voices and large artistic feeling, and thus capable of bringing home to all, the more refined effects of music in giving the fullest possible feeling and expression to sacred words. Not only this, the example of greater excellence and perfection in singing, constantly presented to the congregation, must, by the mere force of example, gradually elevate the taste and improve the singing of the whole.

Last, and perhaps greatest of all, come the "People's Hymns," in which, when sung, as they ought to be, with heart and voice, the noblest feelings of thankfulness and love find full expression—in which the whole congregation unite their voices in praising God, in asking for mercy, and in thanking Him for his loving-kindness.

There is no service which offers so varied, complete, and all-embracing

a "Worship Music" as that of the English Church when fully developed. It employs all means of stimulating, purifying, and elevating the religious feeling of its members. It makes full and grateful use of all the means of giving beauty and power to its ritual that have been developed by the experience of centuries; and, in so doing, is acting in entire accordance with the spirit that has actuated the Christian Church as a whole since its first establishment.

That this was the opinion of the great head of the Reformation is evident from the following and final quotation from "Studies in Worship Music":—

"Luther had none of the Puritan antipathy or indifference to art. The Church which he founded has always favoured the performance of high-class music by the choir as part of the service. There is a sentence of his on this point which one encounters over and over again in the writings of those who are working to reform the Lutheran service: 'I am not at all of opinion that the Gospel should do away with art, as a few hyper-spiritual persons maintain; I would love to see all the arts, and especially music, in the service of Him who has given and created them.'"

EDWARD CHADFIELD.

A MEETING.

A REMINISCENCE FROM AN ARTIST'S LIFE.

(From the German of C. Cressieux.)

THEY were giving Meyerbeer's "Huguenots," and on that evening the opera-house was full to overflowing. Almost breathlessly the people hung upon the strains of that masterpiece of the great *Maestro*, whose comparatively early death was so great a loss to the world of music. I, too, formed one of the audience: the wondrous melodies had a powerful effect upon me, and like a lovely dream there passed again before my mental vision that evening in which, years ago, I had learnt to appraise the full significance of that wonderful tone-picture. Be it my task to-day to tell of that evening in my life.

It was my good fortune to possess a kind aunt, whose appearance in our house I was so much accustomed to associate with some joyful surprise that this feeling of anticipation was again uppermost when my aunt, who generally lived upon her estate, came to pay us a visit in the middle of December, 1855. I was not doomed to disappointment. She came to obtain permission from my father to take me with her, as travelling companion, to Venice; since the doctors had ordered her to winter there on account of her somewhat failing health. It had long been one of the dearest wishes of my heart to get to know "*la bella Venezia*" in all her splendour and beauty. Rejoicing, I fell upon my aunt's neck, and my sixteen-year-old heart beat tempestuously in anticipation of the pleasure that awaited me.

In our own capital the snow had already whitened the roofs, and a strong frost had made its appearance; but I, in youthful enthusiasm, dreamed but of the mildest zephyrs and the sweetest of May fragrance. It is an old experience that with the thought of Italy one banishes all cold and frost from one's mind, and thinks of them as impossible visitors. But dreams are bubbles; and even now I remember with a feeling of discomfort the damp, cold, chilly days which in later years I

experienced in that very Italy. The Northerner, accustomed to the biting cold of his own clime, does all that can be done to fence off the frosty foe: but, alas! for the Southerner, when the unaccustomed icy breath of winter sweeps over the fields; its rude strength then smites him all the harder, because he is unprepared for it.

The first disillusion of this kind fell to my lot on the third day of our journey, when the jaded horses of our diligence, upon whom neither the shoutings of the coachman nor the whip made any great impression, trotted slowly along the monotonous, rain-soaked highroad in the direction of Palmanuova. The slowness of the conveyance, the general dreariness of the district (which consists of an endless plain, only broken here and there by rows of olive trees), had a wearying effect upon my aunt, and made me feel quite mutinous. My dreams of flowery meads, of skies ever pure and azure, of balmy air and golden sunshine, melted away in presence of the grey, watery clouds which formed our canopy; even as they vanished before the cold, damp wind which soughed over the plain and shook the summits of the olive trees. This damp, cold wind became more and more condensed; our horses stumbled more and more drearily toward their destined goal; even the coachman on the box was out of humour. My aunt and I wrapped ourselves closer in our mantles, and were glad, at length, to have reached Palmanuova, and one of the best hotels there, yeleft the "Campana." It is true that the town, built by the Venetians in 1593, and rich in beautiful fortifications and canals, did not offer on this particular evening any inviting prospect, with its few straight streets encoated in mud: but it was, at least, a shelter against the raw weather, and my aunt made up her mind to stay the night in Palmanuova. Being very weary she soon retired to rest. Then I sat alone in a strange room, in a strange place, and angrily looked out at the closed window down upon the melancholy, empty streets, whose wretched dust-saturated pavement greedily absorbed the fine drizzling rain, and changed it into a sea of mud. *Ennui* began to fall upon me; and, almost with woefulness, I thought of my comfortable home, of the brightly-lighted, well-warmed rooms, of my beloved books, and my splendid "grand," on which I was accustomed to play every evening. At these recollections my glance wandered over the crackling fire (giving out no heat, but which burnt, a mere handful, in the vast chimney), and over the somewhat soiled furniture. For the first time in my life I felt cross with my aunt that she should have dragged me to such a miserable hole. There is no more

thankless office in the world than to fill the place of a good-natured aunt! The slightest vexation, and all her love is thrown overboard by her spoiled nephews and nieces. I should like to be anything else in the world rather than such an aunt.

Mine host brought up some refreshments and began to talk to me. From very tedium I answered him and expressed surprise at the almost cloister-like stillness of his hotel. Then he explained to me that his inn was generally at this time one of the most frequented in the place, and was specially affected by officers of the garrison: but that this was the grand reception night of the commander of the fortress, to which all the notables of the town were invited. "If, therefore, the Signorina," said my talkative host, "will take the trouble to come downstairs, there is an excellent piano, which stands for the delectation of the guests in a little ante-room near the dining-hall, which will perhaps help to amuse the 'Eccellenza,' all the more since the 'Eccellenza' will be entirely undisturbed there."

Here seemed to be an escape from the wretched monotony of a winter's evening only just closing in; and I rather jumped at the proposition of the considerate host. For, did I not know my aunt to be in the best of hands, those of her old and faithful maid? to whom I gave instruction to acquaint her mistress, on awaking, of my intention: and then I followed mine host into his so-called music-room.

This proved to be a little, bright-looking chamber adjoining the public dining-room, which latter you had to pass to get there. It contained a neglected piano, all out of tune. Notwithstanding, the circumstances of the moment converted it for me into an Æolian harp, which was to banish all my *ennui*. I certainly was no virtuoso then, and scarcely consider myself such now: but I had always had a great love for music, and my father had given me the best teaching in the capital, in order to perfect me in this art. My forte lay in playing by heart. So it happened that, on that evening, I played the most striking numbers of that opera always so great a favourite of mine, the "Huguenots."

I might have been playing about a quarter of an hour in the twilight when the officious host brought a light, and I played on. The piano stood against the wall facing the door; my back, therefore, would be toward the dining-hall adjoining. I had just begun the Chorus of the Conspirators in the second act, and was endeavouring to bring it out to the best of my ability, when suddenly I heard a voice quite close

behind me, saying, "You are completely at fault in your rendering of this number, mademoiselle. Your conception does not rise to the climax intended, and is not sufficiently clear."

Amazed and frightened I turned my head. In the eagerness of my performance I had not heard anyone enter the room; and was, therefore, not a little surprised to see standing beside me a man apparently on the shady side of fifty. There was a certain bowed and decrepit air in the appearance of this man; his hair was already perfectly grey, but beneath the somewhat low and broad brow I saw bent upon me a pair of large brown eyes of peculiar shape, which gave to the whole countenance a remarkable and distinguished expression. Even now, after all these years, I see the expression of those eyes so searching, so full of *esprit*, and yet mild and dreamy; I feel the glance that so often, in later years, rested on me with fatherly kindness. But all these impressions I experienced afterwards: at that moment they were strange to me. Then I only heard the cavilling words of censure from the mouth of one entirely unknown to me; my wounded vanity awoke, and I could find no expression strong enough for the measureless boldness of the reproof administered to me. How could a stranger dare to find fault with me, a spoiled girl, until now accustomed only to flatteries of all kinds? How could he think of pronouncing that bad, which my well-paid master and the countless circle of our home-friends were in the habit of regarding as surpassing talent?

Thus spoke the girl's vanity within me; and the consequence was that I rebuked the presence of the, as it seemed to me, obtrusive stranger by contemptuously ignoring him, and continuing to play just as though no one were there, although he had not moved from my side. Whether it was the oppressive nearness of one unknown to me, or some other cause which made my fingers glide uncertainly over the keys and my memory play me false, certain it was that I made all sorts of mistakes. Then for the second time that voice sounded in my ear.

"The last bars you have again failed to grasp: the movement is an *Adagio Maestoso*; whilst you believed yourself to have found the requisite expression in a *fortissimo*."

The stranger uttered these words with masterful calmness and with a smile on his lips: but this very tranquillity provoked me. I knew that I had played badly; but I was not accustomed to be reproved in this fashion. I looked up at the unknown with a proud and haughty expression. Yet, when I saw his insignificant figure so close to me, the

girl's sauciness awoke within me; and a mocking smile curled my lips, as I saw the buttonholes of his coat ornamented with the ribands of various Orders, apparently put there to be seen.

"I suppose you are a schoolmaster, since you know so well how to find fault," I said, with what I considered unmistakable irony.

"Something of that kind, mademoiselle," replied the stranger, smiling, without losing his equanimity, "and at present my wishes are centred in the desire of having you for a pupil."

"A wish that I in nowise share," I retorted coolly.

"That I can easily believe, seeing that I should prove a strict master, who would not stifle your genuine talent with unctuous flattery, but would lay bare your faults, in order to correct them."

"What a bear!" I murmured half aloud, mute with amazement at such bold candour.

"You have got hold of the right expression for me—I am truly half a bear,"* said the stranger, apparently greatly tickled with my *sotto voce* observation.

"And that, I suppose, gives you the right to address me at all," I answered disdainfully.

"I recognised in your touch and style of performance unusual talent, mademoiselle, and that alone awoke within me the wish to accost you," said the stranger, his voice scarcely hiding a certain displeasure. "As for the rest," he continued, "perhaps you will be good enough to play me again that last Adagio: I feel assured you will have found the right expression this time."

"I am not accustomed to perform in public," I replied, loftily, "and I shall be glad that to you, who are probably more used to criticism, since you understand yourself so well how to apply the lash."

With these words I rose from my seat, and pointed with a mocking bow to the stool just vacated by me in front of the piano.

"You are right," answered the stranger, and deep melancholy lay in the tones of his voice. "I am quite accustomed to face, armed *cap-à-pie*, the many-headed hydra of public opinion; and, for that very reason, I now beg you to turn the tables upon me, to listen to my interpretation

* Meyerbeer—Bär = English, bear—a very common patronymic amongst German Jews; assuming a variety of spelling with the same pronunciation, and occurring in the form of "beer" in the second half of the name Meyerbeer.

of 'The Huguenots,' and to point out any errors therein, just as candidly and as frankly as I have allowed myself to do with you."

The stranger thereupon sat down to the old neglected piano, and touched the keys.

I suppose it was my vanity, whispering to me to pay the stranger back in his own coin, which arrested my foot on the threshold and caused me to return to the piano. One thing is certain—that I stopped short, and rejoiced greatly at the thought of censuring severely the expected faults of this stranger: for, what could this simpleton of a schoolmaster make of the gorgeous tone-picture of "The Huguenots"? I thought I to myself.

But what was this? What did I hear? My unknown struck the keys; the chords vibrated, swelled out gradually to symphonic proportions—the discordant instrument seemed beneath those hands to recover its ancient harmony.

Astonished, I looked at the stranger whose fingers could draw such tones from the insignificant instrument. With mournful sombreness arose from the keys the lament of the betrayed Huguenots; anxious, spirit-like, sounded the call for help. Yet bolder and bolder still the flights of fancy found expression—stormily, passionately, and ever more urgently carried away by his zeal for the faith, did the characteristically vigorous apparition of Marcello arise before the mind's eye, while Valentina's song of love, dying away in tenderest of tones, resolved all dissonances.

Involuntarily I succumbed to the fascination of this playing. So, just so, I had pictured to myself the representation of the work, thus I had heard it in my dreams: and this insignificant stranger, whom I had scoffed at, whom I had accounted a cypher in the noble art, he it was from beneath whose fingers these wondrous tones welled forth, which made my soul vibrate in responsive awe, which carried me away in enthusiasm into the most perfect understanding of the omnipotence of a work which had taken its joy from heaven, its woe from hell.

One last heart-stirring finale, one last chord which caused every fibre to tremble, and the stranger had finished.

Diffident and embarrassed I approached him, all my sauciness vanished. "Who can you be, sir, that you know how to play in this way?" was all I could bring out, hesitatingly.

"A poor travelling musician, who will try his fortune in Venice," answered the unknown, smiling.

"We, too, are going to Venice," I cried in joyful surprise. "If we can be of any use to you there in the way of introductions, be sure to address yourself to us : we have influential friends in Venice."

I gave him the name of my aunt ; he bowed his thanks.

"If I should ever be in need of the assistance of strangers, mademoiselle, I will remember your kind words, and accept your friendly offer with thanks. But, until then, I beg of you not to be angry with the stranger who has ventured to pronounce frank censure on the faults in your playing."

At these words, he held out his hand to me. Unconsciously, mine lingered within it for a moment. Then he quickly left the room, after throwing about his shoulders a seemingly very costly fur. A few minutes later I heard the post-horn's shrill sound.

The stranger was gone : and now, for the first time, it occurred to me that I did not even know his name. Perhaps the host could tell me. I was disappointed. He, alas ! knew nothing of the stranger, who had only arrived an hour ago, taken a little refreshment, and again departed.

I know not why I thought the whole evening of the stranger's wonderful playing, and why I penitentially confessed to myself to what lengths my girlish vanity had carried me when I deemed myself capable of cavilling at the stranger's faults. My aunt was somewhat angry with me when I told her I had assured the mysterious unknown of her protection, and feared we were open to the danger of a travelling musician, of this kind, misusing such an offer.

Venice, city of wonder, home of romantic beauty, of a dark and mysterious past, had received us. Venice, with her dusky palaces whose every stone has often been the witness of great deeds, of terrible moments. Venice, with her proud buildings, her antique marble statues, her wonderful waterways, her pavement of green waves, her enticing beauties of the present as well as of memory, had opened her doors hospitably to us. We had admired the masterpieces of Titian and Tintoretto, and had stood in amazement and delight before the pictures of Paul Veronese and Bassano in the gilded halls of the Doge's palace. The celebrated names of Balbi, Cornari, Giustiniani, Dandolo, Morosini, Germani, Pisani had risen from their ashes, dipped in the splendid colour-tones of the greatest of painters ; and with them we had a glimpse into the history of the heroic deeds of the Venetian Republic.

Lucrezia Borgia had appeared before us, like a shadow-picture, when we crossed the Rialto. The palace of Bembo, not far off, towered proudly in the air: and was not this the dwelling-place of Peter Bembo, Lucrezia Borgia's lover? We dedicated an hour of remembrance, too, to the last Doge of Venice, who attained such a mournful celebrity; and the impressions, thus kindled, paled only when we visited the horrible lead-chambers in the Palace of Justice, beneath whose roof thousands had panted away their miserable lives. The Bridge of Sighs, over which so many a trembling foot had passed, reminded us of the gloomy, fearful past of Venice the ever beautiful.

Only when the weight of first impressions had passed away did we give ourselves up to social life; and my aunt, who knew many families in Venice, was overwhelmed with invitations. So it came about that we received an invitation from an illustrious German family for Christmas Eve, to celebrate the home festival of the fatherland; and this we joyfully accepted.

The rooms of the hospitable mansion were filled with guests on that evening; and all crowded round the gaily-dressed and fragrant Christmas tree, with its countless lights, its many-coloured, multitudinous objects. Cheerful vivacity pervaded the company, and guests as well as host rejoiced in the happy influence.

Then, suddenly, a mysterious whisper passed from mouth to mouth. A name was announced, great, celebrated, a star in the musical heaven. Through the crowd, by his host's side, the guest, just entered, passed; and on him was centred every look, every word from those present. I, too, was seized by the very natural wish to get to know the greatest musician of the day; and as though fate would fulfil my desire, the circle of the crowd thinned, and the host stepped up to my aunt and myself, his distinguished guest at his side. "Herr Giacomo Meyerbeer begs me to introduce him to the ladies," said the host, smiling.

Blushing, trembling, out of countenance, I stood near my aunt, for who can describe my astonishment when I recognised in the great *Maestro* my insignificant pedagogue of Palmanuova!

But quickly, with a pleasant smile, the great artist helped me over my pardonable confusion; and from that time he became to me an intimate, and a true, friend.

My readers will well believe that I did not fail to be present at the first representation of "The Huguenots," which the great master had

come to Venice to conduct. But on Christmas morning I received a lovely bouquet, accompanied by a pianoforte arrangement of "The Huguenots." Within was written, in Meyerbeer's own hand: "Ein halber Bär kann man wohl sein, aber deshalb doch an dem Talente Anderer sich erfreuen."

"It is possible to be half a bear, and yet to rejoice in the talents of others."

MARIAN MILLAR.

THE CHOIRMAN OF GREYFORD.

CHAPTER VI.

THE weeks that followed in a quiet sojourn in the north were beneficial to Wil Hogarth. He had left Greyford with a sore heart. The sacrifice he had made, that justice might be done to the man who had treated him harshly, by no means acted as its own reward. It had estranged the woman he loved, and it was difficult, after her protest, to see the matter in the same light as before. It was of no avail that Canon Leighton showed a keen appreciation of his motives, and wrote to him expressing it in warm terms ; or that Charlie Watson saw in his action a carrying out of his own Christian faith. Their approval could not reconcile him to what he had done, or make up for the loss of sympathy and approbation where he had most desired it. He was not sure that an exaggerated sense of fairness had not ruined his prospects. But, since it was done, he would not wait to see the consequences. He wished to escape the talk, the explanation, the surprise it would excite ; and above all he wished to escape from the friction of intercourse with Dr. Mason, which was becoming too heated to be borne. Matters would have cooled down in a week or two ; meanwhile, he had only to forestall, by a few days, the holidays he considered himself entitled to, to obtain a respite. After that, as he could no longer indulge in the dream of leaving the Greyford choir, he hoped to return in a fitter frame of mind to take up again the drudgery of his life, and bear with patience the frets of a position that had begun to gall him.

The first revival of his spirits came as he heard his own part-songs sung zealously and efficiently by a Lancashire choral society. It was inspiring to lead his music, more inspiring still to hear the effect it produced. There, in the north, he was on his own ground ; he had friends who knew him and who received him on the footing of his old position, and were proud, moreover, of the talent he was developing. Though he had elected to leave them, to cut himself off from surroundings that were material rather than artistic in their tendencies, it was refreshing to come back, and to find a hearty welcome ready for him from strong persistent natures.

But a week in his native town was enough for him. After arranging by letter with his substitute to go on longer in the choir, and once more enjoining Charlie Watson to send him no Greyford news, he turned his face to the mountains, to the old haunts of his affections, and buried himself in their solitudes. There he enjoyed a peace that was full of creative life. The musical thoughts that had come to him in the months he had known Eva Leighton, abundantly, yet as it seemed fruitlessly, since he had been too disturbed to write them down, he now harvested. In the quiet sunlit days and moonlit nights, as he wandered in the valleys by the rushing streams, or climbed the fellsides where the bracken grew, snatches of melody, born in moments of love and faith and desire, returned to him to be noted and developed. They crowded in upon him thickly, so that all his mind was given over to their expression. It was, perhaps, a pity that he used one of the most beautiful of them to clothe the words of a love song, though it was natural to his condition of mind. He made no effort to banish from his thoughts the image of the woman who had disappointed him, for the true artistic nature seldom wastes itself in a vain effort to part with what is beautiful. Neither did he consciously think much of her, only she seemed wrapped up in his thoughts, mingled mysteriously with his inspirations, strangely present in his meditations. He came to forgive her the contention that had hurt him, to wonder how he could have kept his anger, and parted from her so coldly. And the weeks passed on, till a month or more had slipped by unregarded. The exercise of the creative faculty is more absorbing than any other pursuit; it is better than pleasure or love or labour. Its satisfactions, its consolations, while it lasts in full force, are perhaps greater than anything else the world can afford. If a great composer or writer were asked what moments in his life he would choose to live over again, he would probably say those moments when his finest inspirations came to him.

But there came one evening when Wil Hogarth, as he leaned on the parapet of a little stone bridge and watched the evening sky grow pinker, woke from his trance, thought of the Greyford world, and the old cathedral, and the music of the choir, and wished with a keenness that was akin to pain to see Eva Leighton again. He would return. He would take up the burden of his every-day life again. He could carry back with him a symphony rough-cast, the fruit of his weeks in the mountains; and he could face the little world of Greyford and his lot with an equanimity that might be taken for contentment. Having

made up his mind, he did not linger on the road. The next evening found him alighting at the railway station of the little cathedral town, with a sense of satisfaction that told him his heart was coming home. He turned into the street leading to his own quarters, and marched along, bag in hand, with a quick, blythe step. As he passed St. Andrew's Hall the sound of music came through the open windows. Several people were lingering on the pavement, evidently arrested by the strains of a chorus that struck the ear as novel in effect; and Wil smiled, in passing, at the leisure of men who were merely going to their homes after a day's work, and had not five weeks' news to hear, five weeks' arrears of solitude and isolation to make up. He hurried on heedlessly; then, all at once, as if aroused by a familiarity in the strains he could not fathom, he paused amazed, and listened until the chorus was finished. He continued his way presently, but with a slower step, a more ruminating face. A few minutes later he ran up the stairs of Charlie Watson's lodgings and, after rapping sharply at the door, walked into his room. Charlie was busy at work on the occupation that employed his leisure hours. He was a wood-carver, and with his delicate tools he produced exquisite little carved bits in the English ecclesiastical style that he sold at low prices to the shops. He was bending now over his work-table, in the homely garb of shirt sleeves, but as he heard the knock he looked quickly up, threw down his chisel, and with a joyful cry went forward to meet his friend.

"Wil! back at last!" he exclaimed. "How glad I am to see you."

To Hogarth it seemed worth a five weeks' absence to get so warm a welcome as Charlie's face gave him.

"Well," he said, as he took possession of the one easy chair the poorly-furnished room contained, and Charlie dangled his legs from the corner of the table next him, "it is fine to get back, lad. How have you and all the world been getting on? I want to hear the news. But, tell me, first of all, by what extraordinary hallucination I came to imagine they were practising my cantata over yonder in St. Andrew's Hall."

"It was no hallucination. It is a practise night, I dare say."

"A practise night! What do you mean by sitting and smiling, when you must be thinking me a raging idiot? Out with it, man! and tell me what you mean. What was it I heard as I passed St. Andrew's Hall?"

"Your cantata, most likely."

"*My cantata?*"

"Yes."

"My unfortunate '*St. Catharine*'?"

"Your '*St. Catharine*.'"

"Charlie, if I had not just met you on affectionate terms, and the thing would look contradictory, I would pitch you over now, with your irritating, happy, vacuous smile. Tell me what you mean. My patience is almost gone."

Charlie burst into resounding laughter at the sight of his friend's half-savage, half-anxious look.

"Oh, Wil, Wil," he cried, "you wouldn't let me send you word. Your cantata is going to be performed, after all."

Wil's face became serious. "You can't mean this, Charlie."

"It is a fact, really."

"How can it be? and what has become of Mason's work?"

"Oh, that is going forward, right enough. After your letter to the committee there was nothing to be done but to accept it for the festival, and to set the chorus-singers to work upon it."

"Well, and mine?"

"Yours was given up, as you wished; but with many regrets. There was quite a talk about you in the place, I can tell you, and about the loss the want of the cantata would be to the Festival, and all that sort of thing. Then, all at once, the idea arose that it might be given as an extra performance by the Greyford Choral Union in the Festival week."

"A public performance given by the members of the Choral Union?"

"Yes, but distinctly under the patronage of the Festival committee, and with the Festival principals to take the solos."

"Well, this is strange! Whose was the idea, Charlie?"

"I can't rightly say. Probably of some one of the members of the Union. Canon Leighton had a good deal to do with it at first, I think, and the Precentor, and they appealed to Dr. Mason."

"And was he willing to go in for it?"

"Yes, most willing. He is not half bad, Wil. The withdrawal of your claim touched him, I am sure, and he was thoroughly glad to do what he could to bring forward your work. But it was a doubtful matter for some time. Many of the members of the Union were away, and could not easily be got back. But it seemed as if everyone was possessed about your cantata, and determined it should be given, whatever difficulties had to be overcome. And they have been overcome, in

spite of absentees and shortness of time. Everyone has worked with a will, and the thing is going forward splendidly. I must say that Dr. Mason, in the midst of all his Festival chorus preparation, is doing his hard best for your work. I have been to listen to their practice several times, and it is being very well done. I am glad I was not there to-night."

So he flowed on, telling all that he could, while Wil listened with an amazement that had deepened into pleasure.

"And how will Dr. Mason receive me, after these weeks of absence, when I foisted upon him a substitute without his permission?"

"Very gladly, I believe. He knows a good voice too well not to miss it, and he knows, too, he treated you badly that last morning. I am certain he is sorry about it. He has asked me once or twice if I had not heard from you."

"Well, I shall sing again at the morning service," Wil said, as he clasped his crossed knee and threw his head back. "It is odd," he continued, with a contented smile, "but I feel positively glad, apart from the joy of seeing your respected phiz once more, to be back in Greyford. Actually glad to be going to sing in the cathedral to-morrow—glad, too, to see again the good folk of Greyford town and close. How are they, these good folk?"

But Charlie either did not or would not understand the bent of his friend's question. He talked on, told all he could think of, mentioned who had left Greyford and who had come back, but never spoke of the one person Wil was wanting to hear about. After some time of this roundabout work, when Charlie in his zeal had fished up news of people his companion had never even heard of, Wil broke in by the straight road of a question.

"And how is Miss Leighton getting on?" he asked rather slowly, and with an attempt at unconcern. "Has she been away, too?"

Charlie had picked up the chisel that in the excitement of Wil's arrival had been thrown aside, and was now pressing its keen edge along the surface of the table with some care.

"No, she has not been away," he answered slowly, also. "People say she is going to marry Mr. Hilton, the rich man who has come to the Grange."

In an instant Wil was standing on the floor, white and grim.

"It is a lie!" he said, in a strong, intense voice.

The sight of Charlie's face looking up at him recalled him to himself. He fell back in his chair then, with an attempt at a smile.

"I am a brute, Charlie," he said. "I think all the news you have been hoarding these five long weeks is rather too much to take in. Don't let us have any more of it: I am bound to be incredulous when you have such surprising things to tell. Come, you don't ask me about myself, and what I have been doing."

"You haven't given me a chance yet," Charlie replied, in haste to fill up the strange break. "You know I want to know, old man."

And Wil began to talk of himself, his rambles, his symphony, his part-songs given by the Lancashire choir. He talked fast, up to the moment he rose to go; but through it all, and when Charlie bid him good-night in the open door-way, he wore the same odd look on his face that had come there at the mention of Eva Leighton's marriage. He asked no question, he spoke no further word on the subject, but he plainly carried the "lie" home with him.

CHAPTER VII.

THE next morning found Wil Hogarth in his old place amongst the singing men and boys. Dr. Mason, looking down from the organ gallery, saw him there, and waited to speak to him when morning prayers were over. He told him, curtly as usual, but with real heartiness of manner, that he was glad he was back, and that he must come on Thursday night to hear how "*St. Catharine*" was going forward, to give his opinion about the speed the various movements should be taken at, or any other matter of detail he would like to be attended to. That was all the allusion ever made by him to the contest between them, but from that moment Wil Hogarth felt that Dr. Mason was his friend, and the relation between them remained always that of an honoured superior and a junior—refractory, indeed, but talented and estimable. In the satisfaction Wil found in being at peace with the choirmaster, he was inclined to think that the sacrifice of his cantata would have been worth making even if it had been consigned thereby to everlasting silence.

But in his brightening prospects, in the renewal of hope that the

performance of his work had brought about, there was one cloud that threatened to blot out all the sunshine. It was that lie that he had so energetically denounced to his friend. He knew that Charlie believed it, or he would not have repeated it; and he found it was generally credited by the middle-class world that talked of the people of the close without knowing them. He had for some days no means of verifying or falsifying the statement. The season for musical parties was over, the social circles of Greyford were quiet, and Eva Leighton did not appear at the services. The first encounter with her was unfortunate. He was walking in the High Street one day, when she came riding along in company with a tall light-complexioned man, whom he guessed at once to be Mr. Hilton. A lady was with them, perhaps Mr. Hilton's sister, but she had practically no existence for Wil Hogarth. He said to himself, with the angry rush of feeling a lover experiences when he sees another man in the place he wishes to occupy, that the report to which he had given the lie was true, and that nothing but an engagement could justify such an open intimacy. Eva Leighton was a very stately and beautiful figure on horseback, but she looked more beautiful still when she suddenly caught sight of the choirmen advancing on the pavement, and gave him a bow and a bright smile. Her companion noticed her change of countenance, and put up his eyeglass to glance back with astonishment at the man who had called it forth, and who evidently did not get his clothes from a fashionable tailor.

Several days after this Wil received an invitation to dine with Canon and Mrs. Leighton. He was asked to meet Signor Alberti, who had come to Greyford on business, and had expressed a wish to meet the composer of "St. Catharine." The party was small, consisting only, besides the lion of the evening and the choirmen, of the Precentor and his wife and Mr. Hilton. This first entrance into the home of the Leightons was not without its anxieties for Wil, apart from the introduction to which he looked forward with interest. Before all things, he was to meet Eva there. Then he had never come into contact with Mrs. Leighton since the evening when she had intentionally snubbed him at the Deanery; and he could imagine that though she might open her doors to him now under pressure, as a rising man whom it was necessary to recognise, she would look upon him with no very amiable feelings. However that might be, she had no opportunity given for expressing them. The Canon met his young guest near the door of the drawing-room on his entrance, and took him up to his wife as a stranger whom

she was bound to acknowledge with the graciousness of a hostess. Eva stood near her mother, and held out her hand to him with a sweet gesture of old acquaintanceship that went near to warming Wil's heart. As their hands clasped for an instant, their eyes dwelt on one another, and they went back to their last meeting and their parting words. Eva, for the sake of those about her, threw as much indifference as she could muster into her voice as she said, "So you have come back to Greyford, Mr. Hogarth?" And he, just aware of Mr. Hilton standing a little to one side, as if in a forced pause of an interrupted conversation, answered perversely, "I was compelled to come, you see."

Then he was introduced to Signor Alberti, and the company went in to dinner. The conversation over the meal turned on musical topics, as was natural. All the men present were concerned in music and the forthcoming Festival except Mr. Hilton, who had apparently been provided by a wise mother for no other purpose than to take Eva Leighton in to dinner and to talk to her in a low key. But she did not seem disposed to withdraw entirely from the general talk; she looked interested, more so than Wil, who was pre-occupied with his own feelings and his distance from her. Signor Alberti led the talk. He had been with his host to the cathedral service in the afternoon, and commended it highly.

"The choral music is very well done," he said. "Your organist, the composer of that elaborate work we have on hand, is a capable man."

"Most capable," the Canon agreed.

"The training of voices, and conducting them, is his forte," the Precentor remarked. "He is a thorough schoolmaster and, like the rest of the tribe, will not acknowledge any rule but his own. He is consequently limited in his range, both socially and intellectually."

"Perhaps he suffers from the unusual merit of doing his own particular work too well," Wil put in.

Signor Alberti looked across at him as if to interpret his speech by his expression. "That may be, if he does it too exclusively," he said. "But whatever he may be outside it, he is certainly admirable at his post. The music of the service was beautiful, especially the anthem, by a man whose name I do not know—Greene, was it?"

"Yes, Greene," the Precentor repeated—"an Englishman who was a contemporary of Handel."

"And it is suggestive of Handel in its breadth and grandeur of style. The burst of the chorus at the words 'Though the earth quake' into the flow of the charming trio 'Therefore we will not fear,' is as fine

of its kind as anything I have heard. You have composers of ability in England."

"More than that," Mr. Alton asserted, "we have a national school of music, though it is little known and appreciated."

"Ah! I am afraid that is true. I never hear the music of your church," Alberti went on, "without being amazed at the labour and care expended upon it for the benefit, as it seems, of but a few worshippers. It is persevered with in spite of neglect on the part of the public."

Canon Leighton's gentle face was sterner than usual: a sore point had been touched. "We prepare it for all who care to come," he said. "That they are but few we can only lament."

But the Precentor was disposed to argue the question. "I don't know about that. The daily services at Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, for instance, are attended by a fair muster of people; and the Sunday services are crowded."

"But think of the mighty city those congregations are drawn from."

"Well, granted our services are neglected—which I am not prepared to admit—and that we English are too disagreed about our forms of worship to more than occasionally fill such a vast place as our old church of Greyford—which seems, often, at morning prayers only an empty echoing ground for the voices of the choir—still, there is a very good reason why care and labour should be bestowed upon the services. What is sufficiently paid for is generally well done, and the endowments of the Church of England for the cultivation of music at its cathedral and collegiate chapel services are very large. There are bodies of musicians, organists, chaplains and choristers continually and exclusively engaged upon it. It is the only endowed school for music that has existed in the past in England."

"And how will disestablishment affect your church music? I am told that it is sure to come sooner or later."

"Disestablishment does not of necessity mean disendowment. The Church of England will surely have the right, even if it is severed from the State, to use its own money for the purposes for which it was left, either for the musical exposition of its form of worship or otherwise."

"It would certainly be unwise, looking at it from the purely musical point of view," Wil said, "to destroy what has been the nursery of so many English composers of note, until it is proved that another one has been effectually established."

"But you have had secular composers—instrumentalists—I suppose, with whom your church has had nothing to do?"

"Yes, we have had such men as Jenkins and Banister, and many others after them," the Precentor replied, "but no organization to foster the growth of instrumental music. So the men whose talents might have grounded a worthy school had to gain a precarious livelihood by teaching, or by any odd work they could find; and their compositions are forgotten and lost. Even Locke, one of the first of our composers of dramatic music, was educated as a chorister: and men such as Purcell and Sterndale Bennett, far removed from one another in point of time and character, were brought up as chorister boys."

"Perhaps it is the character of the people that has influenced the development of art in a one-sided direction. You English are a serious nation, and attend to your religion first of all."

"But it seems to me," Wil protested, "that the idea other nations have of our religiousness is about as fallacious as the one that we live entirely on a diet of roast beef and plum pudding. You yourself remarked that our religious services seemed to be kept up for the few."

"Yet your sacred compositions greatly outweigh your instrumental and operatic ones."

"A man can, after all, only do what he is paid for," Wil answered. "The English musician has found a readier market for anthems, cantatas, oratorios, and the like than for operas and symphonies; and so he has written them. He cannot be blamed for that, nor for accepting a remunerative post as organist or choirmaster when what he would have liked better—the leadership of an orchestra, or the directorship of an opera-house—did not happen to be forthcoming. If our national music has, so far, been limited and restricted to a narrow ecclesiasticism, our musicians have not been to blame, but the circumstances that have crippled them."

"Nor is the church to blame," added Mr. Alton, "for what you call the narrow ecclesiasticism of our music, Hogarth. It has provided liberally its share for the sustenance of music; though the State and the nation may not have fulfilled their part. It remains an incontrovertible fact that, barring a glee society or two, it is the church, alone, that keeps up the traditions of the English school, and continues to perform, day by day, the works of our oldest composers."

"It amazes me, when the music is so good, that you have not larger audiences, if but of unbelievers, in your churches," Alberti

finished the matter by remarking. He was not so much interested in the subject as in the young choirman with the fine expression of eye, who was proving himself a composer of no mean order, and yet was using his voice and his energies in a provincial choir.

It was not until the gentlemen were alone that he found an opportunity of speaking to Wil. The talk had just been upon the new festival pieces.

"So I am not to conduct that new work of yours amongst them?" he said, as he turned to address Wil specially. "I am sorry."

"Thank you. I am sorry too," Wil answered simply. "But, perhaps, at some future time, another work of mine may have the good fortune to be introduced to the world by you."

"I hope so. From what you have said I conclude you will not be content to remain a church composer?"

"Oh, no—my aspirations are entirely secular. I am afraid I am only using the church as a means of putting on time."

"You must come to London."

"But I should have no means of livelihood there," Wil said, with a defiant glance that meant shyness.

"You might soon find an opening. Write newspaper critiques till you get known. Or use your voice and sing in the opera; it is far more paying than the church. Or, better still, write a comic opera. If you make a hit with that you can go on spinning the web of amusing folly to a public that will never tire. You will be famous, too, for half a generation."

Wil shook his head with a smile. "No, no, none of those plans will do for me. I must stick to the legitimate branch of my profession. I never mean my voice to play more than a subordinate part in my career."

"You wish to compose. But you must not forget that for the composer, pure and simple, there is little living-room in England yet. There is no lucrative branch of musical art like portrait-painting, in which people's vanity can be turned to account to create wealth that talents alone will not produce. The composer lives on honour chiefly, for which reason he is scarce."

"And it is as a composer I mean to stand or fall," Wil said, with some earnestness. "But I would sooner sing on for ever in the Greyford choir, or play as a hack violinist in a band, than write down to a frivolous taste to gain the public ear. Better to drudge on unknown,

hoping the world will find out some day that what I have written is worth listening to, if not worth paying for, than offer anything but my best, and degrade the art I hope to advance."

"Ah! you are an enthusiast," Signor Alberti remarked. "And what are you composing now?"

"My last attempt is a symphony," replied Wil. "It is not finished, but yet I like it."

"You will probably like it less when it is finished." The men were rising now, and Alberti stopped to say, before he passed on to his host, who was waiting for him, "Let me see it then; perhaps something might be done with it next season."

Wil flushed with astonishment and pleasure. "I shall not forget, you may be sure." Then he followed, and passed into the drawing-room. He had noticed that Mr. Hilton had left the dinner-table some time previously, and now he saw him engaged in talk with Miss Leighton. They made a pretty group. Eva was seated on a lounge that was backed up with the curve of the grand piano, her hands toying restlessly with a fan, and Mr. Hilton's tall figure was bending slightly over her. The sight of his rival smote Wil with sudden bitterness. He felt for the first time his own helplessness against a passion that was likely to hurt him. He must suffer for his temerity. He loved, and he could not marry. He was a poor choirmen, with uncertain hopes of the future; and she was proud as well as beautiful, and of good station, and could hardly be expected to brave poverty for his sake. If he were rich, now, he could surely displace that tall suitor with the aristocratic, vacant face. Then, as he looked at the man who could marry her straightway if she would have him, and envied him, a flash of self-scorn told him that his art was no longer his mistress, nor his chief desire and aim; that the words he had just spoken to Signor Alberti, when he had said that he would rather drudge on unknown and in poverty all his days if he might keep his ideas of art pure, were not true. He desired riches, preferment, that he might marry Eva Leighton. He was false; false to his art, to his vocation, for the sake of a woman who was lovely unto him, whose voice thrilled him, whose glance delighted him. For the first time he was impatient under his bondage; the uselessness of it, nay the cruelty of it, was made apparent by the presence of a rival. If that rival was already successful—well, that must be borne; it was no more than he deserved for his folly in loving when nothing but parting could result; and parting, too, before the love had been spoken. With these thoughts

surging in his mind, he had no intention of disturbing the group near the piano; but, as he crossed the room at no great distance, Eva Leighton leaned a little forward in her seat and addressed him.

"Will you sing for us, Mr. Hogarth?" she asked with a gentle accent.

He was obliged then to join the two, and he stood before Eva, looking, without knowing it, very stern. Mr. Hilton kept his post, but was silent, as was his habit when there was more than one to listen.

"When a musician of repute is present, Miss Leighton," Wil replied, "the least that inferior talent can do is to keep silent."

"Oh, you mean Signor Alberti. But I don't see why we should all be sacrificed to him, admirable though he is. There is myself, for instance, whom you don't seem to consider. I want you to sing, and Mr. Hilton wants you to sing, don't you, Mr. Hilton?"

"Certainly," Mr. Hilton asseverated, with a slightly supercilious drawl.

Wil looked down seriously at the finely-cut face that was turned up to him. Eva had spoken more flippantly than her manner was; there was a slight flush on her cheeks, and her eyes were bright. Wil did not understand her.

"Oh, if you wish it," he said, "there is, of course, no question about it," and he turned and took his seat at the piano. She was still within his ken, and the immovable figure by her; but he tried not to look that way. Then he sang, choosing, by an irresistible feeling, that love song that he had lately woven round with the finest theme of his imagination. He sang it quietly, even restrainedly, but with a spontaneity that marked it as his own. When he had done, and the silence his song had imposed was over, he turned to Eva Leighton, who was looking at him with dewy eyes. Her companion seemed for the moment to have vanished on some errand.

"Is that song your own composition?" she asked.

"Yes, it is mine. Do you like it?" His tone was restrained, like his song.

She looked down, "Oh, that I cannot tell."

"I wrote it while I was away."

"Ah! that was what you were doing! Even the news of your cantata could not tempt you back."

"I did not know anything about my cantata, Miss Leighton."

"What, did you not hear that our Union had taken it in hand?"

"No, that surprise waited for my return."

"And what did you think when you heard of it? Were you pleased?" There was some eagerness in her manner.

"I need not tell you that, after what I said the last time we talked together."

Their eyes met with a consciousness of all that had passed at their meeting in the concert-room. Then Eva smiled. "I am afraid I was very cross that night," she said.

"And I very rude," he added with a smile, too.

"Oh no, not that; you were severe. You seemed to look down upon me from an immeasurable height."

"And you were enigmatical. I wondered, often, what your last speech meant. It seemed like a prophecy about my cantata. And I cannot see, yet, why so much trouble should be taken about it. Can you enlighten me?"

She laughed a very pleasant laugh, that had below it a tinge of consciousness. "What an unreasonable question! It is just as if you asked me to praise you to your face."

"No, no," Wil asserted, with a flush that was not anger. "I asked only for the solution of what seems a mystery to me."

She shook her head. "You will have to remain in darkness if you cannot find out for yourself."

It was at this point of the conversation, when the lines of Wil's face were softening, and his eyes were beginning to glow in answer to the brightness of Eva's, that Mr. Hilton sauntered back to the post that he seemed to consider his by right. He brought Mrs. Alton with him, and that lady addressed Miss Leighton.

"Eva, aren't you going to sing?"

"I don't know," Eva replied. "I must imitate the modesty of Mr. Hogarth's answer to a like request. As an amateur, I am afraid Signor Alberti would not tolerate me. But, perhaps, with Mr. Hogarth's support—" She stopped and looked with a pretty hesitation at Wil.

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Alton continued, "sing one of your charming duets with Mr. Hogarth."

But Mr. Hilton had something to say. He bent towards Eva with an insistent solicitude meant only for her. "Pray do not," he said in a low tone, "you were a little hoarse last night. Remember, I had to bring you in from the garden for fear of a chill."

The words and the manner in which they were spoken stung Wil to the quick. They assumed a right of proprietorship, and threw him into

the position of outsider while Mr. Hilton played the lover. He forgot that it was Eva who had made the suggestion, and who was looking at him still, as if the matter were not decided. He hastened to make a proud withdrawal.

"Mr. Hilton's decision must be final, naturally," he remarked, cuttingly. "Your voice must not suffer, Miss Leighton."

His expression had changed as well as his tones, and the change was reflected in Eva Leighton. She did not forget that it was she who had offered to sing with him, and that it was from him the refusal had come. She drew up her head with a proud gesture and turned away.

"I wish," she remarked, rather inconsequently, to Mr. Hilton, "that you could save *me* from chills, as well as my voice. Let us go nearer to the fire; it is draughty about the piano, I am sure."

She moved away without noticing Wil further, and, except for a chilly "Good-night," they did not speak again. Wil told himself, bitterly, that the report of her engagement was true, that he was a fool to have been beguiled into forgetfulness of it: and from that time he avoided her.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE day came when Wil Hogarth's cantata, "St. Catharine," was publicly performed in Greyford. In spite of it being an extra entertainment, in the busy Festival week, the hall was packed to overflowing. The fashionable world of Greyford and Greyfordshire was there as well as the musical coteries. The dignitaries of the county had somehow been given to understand that this new work was by an extraordinary young man who would make a noise in the world, and that it was a thing not to be missed. Wil's personal friends were there, as well as many of the townspeople to whom he was a familiar figure. Coulton the saddler, who had played the second fiddle in Wil's promiscuous quartet parties, could be discerned in the crush of the cheap places, and the poor lame young man whose playing on the cornet had attracted the choirman's notice. They had their own friends there, members of those

hidden musical circles that exist unnoticed and unencouraged in our towns. The choirmen of the cathedral, too, were there, among the chorus singers, whom they were helping with their voices. The idea had begun with Charlie Watson, who begged to be allowed to help; and the other men had followed his example, from a generous feeling that if one of themselves was going to score a success, they would like to give a helping hand.

And it was a success. When the performance was over Wil was called for, and he stood for a minute or two facing the sea of faces amidst a deafening applause. It was his first public triumph, and he was moved by it. As he turned to recognise with a bow the homage of hands offered by the festival orchestra and the Choral Union he searched out, instinctively, two faces in that lesser crowd to communicate with by a sympathetic glance. One was Charlie Watson's, whose beaming eyes showed that his friend's success was at heart his own: the other was that proud and beautiful face whose looks were only an enigma to him that he had lately taught himself to avoid.

Then the audience dispersed. The Precentor lingered near the door with a London critic. "Well, what do you think of it?" Mr. Alton asked, with a rather triumphant expression of countenance.

"'Pon my word, it's difficult to say," the critic replied, "in face of such an enthusiastic audience. They carry one's judgment off its feet. The composition has its crudities, as is natural, but it is decidedly promising."

"It does more than promise," Mr. Alton said, who as one of Wil's earliest friends was very staunch. "Hogarth has genius, to my thinking."

"Oh, genius! We don't talk about it now-a-days. We consider the race extinct, like the dodo—went out with Mendelssohn. But Hogarth will do very well, no doubt."

"Ah, well, I am going round to speak to him. You don't care to have an introduction to him yet awhile, of course; you will wait till he has become something more than a provincial celebrity. That day will come, mark my words."

Wil Hogarth escaped the congratulations of his friends as soon as was practicable. "Come, Charlie," he said, as he drew his friend away, "let us cool our heads by a turn in the close."

So they turned in under the old embattled gateway, to the quiet of the leafy close, and passed round the Cathedral Church. A light wind

whispered in the trees; the stars twinkled; the great old building reared its black bulk against the sky, and its spire seemed to pierce high into the dark-blue heavens. For a while there was silence between the two friends; then Charlie broke out: "Oh, it was grand to see and hear the people, Wil! How enthusiastic everyone was! Why, you are a famous man already."

Wil did not answer directly. "It is a strange sensation," he remarked, as if in analysis of his own exalted mood, "to hear the applause of a crowd directed toward oneself. I can never forget it, whether it is repeated or not."

"Oh, you will have many a better triumph than this night's."

Hogarth shook his head with a smile, "It's no use being uplifted with one success, which may be partly accidental. I don't deceive myself: the Greyford world has been more partial to me than my merits warranted. Many a better work than mine has been performed to an indifferent audience in a half-filled hall. Think of the great masters. Their fate ought to make me take my triumph sadly. I don't aim to be a Rossini, popular and pleasure-giving."

"How you talk," Charlie exclaimed, impatiently. "You are downright perverse. Perhaps you would have felt better pleased, more sure of your talent, if your work had been hissed?"

Wil laughed. "Well, then, I must have turned inwards—or to you, dear lad—for approbation. But you are right; I am afraid I am a bit inclined to quarrel with my success. What we covet never seems quite what we want when we get it. My triumph seems to have a streak of melancholy in it. Well," he continued, with a glance at the great Cathedral, "my life here is nearly at an end. I suppose that has something to do with what I feel."

"Ah! Wil, you will soon be gone," Charlie said in a tone of keen regret, unlike the quiet voice of his friend.

"Yes, lad, soon. And if it is any consolation to me to know that I am not going to certain prospects or a brilliant future, well, then, I may congratulate myself. I leave Greyford as a wanderer, to fulfil my 'prentice years in music. I have still a toilsome road to climb before my art and I are one, before I either deserve or win fame."

"But you have prospects. Alberti wants you to go to London, and has promised to use his influence for you. He has taken your symphony in hand."

"Yes, it is his encouragement that has made me bold enough to

break my trammels here. The money I have got for my cantata—the Greyford folk have not given me honour only—and the songs I have sold, have made the immediate future secure; I am safe to go, seeking new influences while I write my opera. But I mean to be on the sure side. While I am in Munich I shall try for a post in an orchestra, if Herr Braun's influence can get me one. The poor pay the Germans get will be better than nothing; besides, it would be practice."

"And then? You will not stay in Munich long."

"Then I shall see Italy, and roam about the land of sunshine and song till I tire for 'merrie England,' and make my way home. But first I shall turn aside to hear Magyar music and see the gipsies dance in the wilds of Hungary."

"And Vienna, Wil? You will go to visit the graves of Beethoven and Mozart, and see where the faithful Schubert lies by his greater master?"

"Yes, I shan't miss that, lad, you may be sure, though the pilgrimage may not mean so much to me as it would to you: and I can fancy myself nearer to the spirits of those great tone-poets when I help on their works by voice or instrument than I shall in looking down upon the earth that covers their bones."

"And after that you will come home?"

"After that I shall come to England with my pockets full of manuscript notes, I hope, if not with a complete work or two in my bag. And if they won't sell, if no one will give them a hearing, and the worst comes to the worst, and my money is at an end, why then I will ask Alberti to take me on in his band, and I will drudge on as a hack violinist."

"Better to come back to Greyford and take up your old life in the choir."

"Never!" Wil answered, with sudden intenseness. There was a short silence. In the darkness the clasp of his friend's arm was more closely felt, the sense of his loving friendship seemed more near and steadfast. "Charlie," he said presently, in a more subdued voice, "you know I am leaving Greyford with a sad heart. I cannot come back to it, ever."

Charlie's sympathy was only expressed by the pressure of his arm.

"I have lived through a foolish vision of happiness that was very wonderful in its way," Wil continued; "but it has been broken a good while now. Absence is best for me. I could not bear to stay and see Miss Leighton married."

"Do you know, Wil," Charlie remarked in a ruminating voice, "I am not sure that we have not all been making a great mistake about Miss Leighton's marriage?"

"It is no mistake," Wil said, harshly. "Her manner has proved it."

"Well, she very plainly refused Mr. Hilton's escort to-night, and sought her father out."

"Ah! did you notice that? I thought it was strange."

"Not at all strange, if she doesn't like him. It seems to me that that fashionable gentleman's wooing is getting too warm for her fancy, and that she means to have done with it."

"Yet she has ridden with him, and talked with him till her name has got associated with his."

"People will say anything. And you forget that her mother would use all her influence to have the man about her. She could not refuse him before he had offered himself."

"I don't know that she had prepared him for a refusal," Wil growled.

"Of course you don't; but he does, depend upon it."

And, as they talked, the stars went out, and a great curtain of cloud came up from the west and hid the heavens, and sent a few drops of rain down on the quiet earth. Long ago the deep-toned bell had tolled its twelve strokes from the cathedral tower. So the day dawned that would be Wil's last in Greyford.

* * * * *

At evensong that day he took part in the service of the cathedral church for the last time. The notice for the day, posted at the entrance, stood—

Magnificat	}	Hogarth in B minor.
Nunc dimittis		
Anthem, "Sing to the Lord"	Smart.

It was widely known that Wil Hogarth was about to leave the town, and that he would almost certainly take the solo in that splendid composition of Smart's that had brought him first into the notice of the Greyford world. That it was fixed for that day, and that on the eve of his departure his service was to be sung for the first time by the choir to which he belonged, were marks of that recognition which Dr. Mason now fully, though tardily, accorded to him. As he marched for the last time as one of the white-robed procession through the standing congregation, his heart was full of an emotion stronger than the triumph of the previous night. This was a triumph, too, though he was not

thinking of it. Every seat in the choir was occupied, and the transepts were crowded. The Greyford folk, filled with a friendly enthusiasm, had come to see and hear the last of him in the grey old cathedral. A few of the festival visitors even had lingered on for this service. It made up an impressive scene—the surpliced choristers at their desks, the clergymen officiating, the people congregated in all the available spaces, the old building rising about them by massive arches and windowed walls to its lofty roof, and upon it all the glory of the western sunlight pouring in through the stained glass openings of the clerestory. Even the service seemed to Hogarth of unusual beauty. He felt he had never before esteemed it at its true worth—it required that he should leave it to realise its meaning and its loftiness. As he joined in it now he seemed to be singing a song of farewell to the life of which the doors were fast closing to him. Its peace, its study, its hopes, its first successes, above all its love that had made up a beautiful spring-time of promise, would soon be gone, and only a remembrance of all be left. Ah! yes, more than a remembrance, a bitter pain of a happiness lost in spite of a triumph gained. Yet, was it lost? Is anything that is lovely in this world lost because we cannot have it?

So he sang, with little thought that it was his own music he was taking part in, or with little heed, when the anthem came on, of the people who stood listening with wrapt attention while he sang the melodious passage, "All creatures serve Thee." For the last time he threw up his voice into the heights and spaces of that dim old pile; he sent it forth from a passionate heart, bidding farewell to the old life, yet it fell on the listening crowd and echoed off into the distant aisles with a solemn sweetness that seemed larger, more peaceful than his own feelings. It had lost the personal; it became the spiritual. Spoken from the trouble of his mind, it yet consoled. It lifted him out of himself: and there was one face in the choir bent down to hide the slowly dropping tears it brought forth.

The anthem was sung, the concluding prayers were repeated, and the procession departed from the choir. Wil hung up his surplice on its peg in the vestry wardrobe, from which another man would lift it down. He put on one side, for ever, the badge of his office: he was no longer choirman. Then he hurried out. Most of his "goodbyes" were already said. At a party at the deanery he had taken a friendly leave of his acquaintances; he had shaken hands in the vestry with the choirmen, with whom he had always been on cordial, if not intimate, terms; and

now he hastened out to say the last, the only good bye that meant much to him. He had avoided Eva Leighton since his return, and now that it was almost too late, he felt that he must see her and speak with her again. He told Charlie Watson not to wait for him, he would see him later: and then, to escape notice, he passed round the choir aisle behind the altar, and reached the entrance to the choir from the opposite side. His hope lay in the chance of Eva waiting for her father after the congregation had dispersed. And there, in the shadow of the screen, she stood, looking the opposite way. She started as Wil came up to her; the meeting seemed sudden, though each was prepared for it. There was a fixed and hopeless look in both their faces; hers had lost the pride and his the anger, they had lately worn for each other. She spoke first, with some of her old courage; and as if to avoid his glance she moved forward without mention of her father.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Hogarth," she said. "I want to thank you for the song I got this morning."

For he had sent her a pretty little song in manuscript, with a dedication to herself.

He was looking abstractedly before him as he walked with her across the empty nave towards the cloister door. "I hope you will like it," he remarked in a constrained voice. "I wrote it, as I thought, to suit your voice."

"Oh, it does suit it. At least I think so. It is beautiful. I shall sing it often."

"Thank you," he said more gently. "I shall be glad to know that, when I am far off."

They had turned now into the cloisters and were traversing the more unfrequented side of the square.

"You are going to-day?" Her voice was well under control, but she kept her eyes turned away.

"Yes, I shall take the night train to London," he answered. He was watching how their slow paces were taking them on to the first angle of the square: the minutes were going, and he could not leave in uncertainty. He must risk all, if only to know the worst. "Maybe I shall be too far away to hear of Greyford news," he resumed, "but, if you will let me know when you are married, I will write you another song as a gift."

She turned to him with a quick look of amazement. "What do you mean?" she exclaimed, with a great rush of colour sweeping over her

face. "Oh! you didn't believe that?" she said then, with sudden gentleness. Whose fault was it, his or hers, that a slight movement of her hands was responded to, that he caught them and held them in his?

"Believe it?" he cried, looking down upon her with full confession in his eyes. "I was bound to believe it, because I so much feared it. Who was I, a simple choirman, that I should dare to tell you I loved you? Eva—I must call you Eva, if only for this one half-hour—let me come back some day, when I have a little wealth and a little fame, and tell you all the love my heart holds for you. In that hope I would be content to leave you now."

But Eva repeated very prettily, glancing up with a certain shyness that became her proud features, "Some day? Ah! that may be a long time off. Why not tell me now, before you get a little wealth and a little fame, while you are still the choirman of Greyford? and then the love I have to give you will seem stronger and truer, more worth that which you have to give to me?"

Then it was that Wil, lost to all sense of prudence or propriety, bent down to the face so dangerously near him, and kissed for the first time the woman he loved.

It was fortunate that the Canon, strolling abstractedly homeward along the more frequented side of the cloisters, never turned his eyes across the green, and through the mullioned opening beyond to the little scene that was being enacted there. In this way he was spared the pang that was reserved for him a year later, when Wil returned to England and openly announced his desire to marry his daughter. And truly the pang was not so much for himself as for his wife; who after a gallant, but ineffectual, struggle gave way before a determination greater than her own.

Wil Hogarth did not come lightly by fame and happiness: but in the end he got a large measure of both. He won his wife in spite of social opposition; but she helped him in that as in all his other undertakings. She is still reckoned a proud woman, though she is proud first of all of her husband and his achievements. And he, as he looks smilingly at her, will say that the best things of his life came from Greyford. The secret of his success lay in that quiet old town, and in the year he spent in its cathedral choir.

He wanders in many lands, wherever his music is wanted: but Charlie Watson still sings on, unknown and unregarded, the service of prayer and praise that he loves.

MARY L. ARMITT.

WHENCE? WHITHER?

Darkly the ocean of life we cross,
Like unto those in a dream :
Far, far behind, in the distant years,
Rises ever a pale misty gleam.

What is the home we have left behind ;
Whence have we come in our sleep ?
Do those shores re-echo with notes of joy ;
Does the mourner cease ever to weep ?

Far, far behind, shrouded in mist it lies,
The hidden past ever veiled from our eyes.

The clouds gather o'er us, the waters rise high—
But we look for a haven of rest.
Where lies the land to which we would go—
The eternal home of the blest ?

Rings there sweet music's golden chime ;
Is the fragrance of flowers in the air ?
Do stars shed their radiance of light and of peace ?
Are our loved ones awaiting us there ?

Clear, through the gloom, lieth the land of our quest—
A vision fair of home and rest.

MARIAN MILLAR.

APPENDIX.

NATIONAL SOCIETY OF PROFESSIONAL MUSICIANS.

NORTH-WESTERN SECTION.

THE March meeting of the above was held in the Committee Room, Town Hall, Blackburn (kindly lent by his worship the Mayor), on Saturday, the 6th ; Mr. A. W. Newell, Wigan, presiding.

The special object of the meeting was to bring the Association under the notice of the professional musicians resident in North and East Lancashire. Owing to the inclemency of the weather there was not a large attendance. The Secretary gave a short sketch of the history and aims of the Society.

Mr. J. Matthias Field read a paper on "The Accompaniment of the Organ to the Church Service" ; which produced a long discussion.

There being a vacancy on the Sectional Council, a ballot was taken to fill the same, and Mr. J. F. Slater, F.C.O., was elected.

The April Meeting was held in Manchester, Mr. W. I. Argent in the chair. There was a large attendance.

Dr. Hiles urged that, the organisation of the Society being now complete throughout England, it behoves each Section of the Association to set about its work diligently ; and that no duty could be more pressing than the fostering of English music, which is evidently designed to be the school of the future. The new book published by the Society (of which the first issue has already been sold) and the arrangements made for graduated examinations, from the mere elements up to a professional knowledge of the art, have completed the clear marking out of the wise course for students to follow during their time of strict pupilage. Even more important, however, is it that encouragement should be afforded to those showing talent still further to develope their powers. And the Society ought not to suppose its work of education

completed when its teaching diploma has been granted. He, therefore, proposed that, whenever the monthly gatherings are held in Manchester or Liverpool (in which cities provision could easily be made), the urgent business having been transacted, the members should, after a short rest, reassemble for social intercourse, and for the enjoyment of such new English music, and especially of compositions by members of the society, as may be provided.

The resolutions commended themselves to those present, and were heartily adopted. Provision will, consequently, be made that any members, desiring to introduce new or unknown works, and seeking the friendly judgment of the musicians present upon their works, may have an opportunity of gratifying their wishes. From 6-15 the meetings will be of the nature of *conversazioni*, for enjoyment of chamber music, and for discussion of its merits and of such measures as may appear desirable for its encouragement. It is expected that the evening meetings will have an important influence, not only on the direction of the taste of the young and more earnest students admitted into the association, but upon the rapid spread of friendly feeling throughout all branches of the Association. For it is hoped that the members of the different Sections will frequently interchange visits, in order to become acquainted with their colleagues throughout the country, and to introduce to them such works as have met with approval in their own branch meetings; and that, thus, one of the primary objects of the movement may be rapidly and satisfactorily achieved. These social concerts will also offer opportunities for the many lady members of the Society to take an important part in its working; and for all lovers of music (who may be introduced by members) to have a share in advancing the aims of the Association. The matter will immediately be taken up in the other Sections of the Society: so that, in a short time, the monthly meetings will be made powerful means of spreading among musicians throughout the kingdom an intimate knowledge of new compositions, and of facilitating an acquaintance with the most promising young talent of the day.

Votes of thanks to Dr. Hiles for the preparation of his scheme, and to Mr. Argent for presiding, terminated the proceedings.

The May meeting was held in Liverpool, Mr. Douglas Hallett occupying the chair.

Dr. Hunt proposed the following resolution, which was carried unanimously: "That in the opinion of the members of this Section no

more copies of the list of the members of the Society issued January, 1886 ought to be circulated; as certain of the titles and qualifications therein appear to be of a doubtful character."

The hope was expressed that the other Sections would take up the subject; and that unanimity of opinion would be arrived at with regard to the insertion, in all published lists of members, of titles and appointments.

The following have been elected members of this Section:—R. Lonsdale, Bury; W. S. Woods, Warrington; H. Kitchingman, Rochdale; H. Warren, Manchester; R. Thornhill, Manchester; L. Whalley, Clitheroe.

J. DAWBER, Mus. B.
Hon. Sec.

NORTH MIDLAND SECTION.

DURING the past three months much progress has been made in the above section of the Society. Monthly meetings have been held—in February at Leicester, in March at Birmingham, and in April at Nottingham, all of which have been both well attended and of a most pleasurable kind.

At the Leicester meeting, Mr. W. Evans, of Birmingham, contributed an able paper on "Publishers and Composers." This essay took the publisher's side of the question, and was in reply to a paper read at a previous meeting by Dr. Gower, on "Composers and Publishers." Mr. Evans showed that the publisher, as a man of business, had hardly a choice as to what music to publish, if he carried on his business as a means of profit. As we all know, really good music is not so likely to be profitable as the light and catchy melodies, songs, &c., which swarm amongst us year by year. From the publisher's side of the question a new work is looked at—1st, as to the writer, whether his name is already known, and whether his previous works have had a good sale; 2nd, if the piece or song offered has been or is to be performed by any eminent artiste; and 3rd, if it is pretty, easy, and cheap.

It seems that the only true way to bring about a change of things in respect of music publishing, is for the profession to take care that it teaches nothing but *good* music, and to use its unquestionable influence towards fostering the taste for that which is in correct form, and has, at least, the elements of soundness in it. By this means there is no doubt the public mind would gradually be better educated, and as a consequence less and less of the obnoxious trash which now emanates from the Press would appear. The matter seems to rest more with the profession and the public than with the profession and the publisher. There is here, undoubtedly, a great work for the Society of Professional Musicians, which, by uniting the scattered members, and by formulating correct ideas on teaching and practice, will in time raise the taste of the profession itself, and in the end bring about the desired result with regard to the public demand for really high-class music. Mr. Evans's paper was well received, and although not taking the musician's side of the question, yet went still further to prove what had been so well

pointed out by Dr. Gower, viz., that good music was refused by publishers, whilst indifferent and even bad was not only accepted and published, but was greedily devoured by the general public.

At the March meeting, Mr. S. S. Stratton read a most instructive paper on the "National Society of Professional Musicians and its Work: Suggestions for the Future." The writer dealt with the relationship of the Society to its own members in the matter of teaching, and expressed a strong opinion that the study of music should be made interesting to the pupil, and should be looked upon as one of the flowers of life, and not one of its trials. Mr. Stratton made good use of Mr. Herbert Spencer's work on "Education," quoting that celebrated author's classification of the leading activities which constitute human life, urging that "the teacher should aim to inspire enthusiasm in the pupil by dwelling upon the poetic import of music rather than cloud the imagination by insisting on the drudgery of mechanical exercises in chord progressions, which never progress towards art results."

At the April meeting at Nottingham, Mr. Stratton concluded his essay by tracing a programme of work for the Society in connection with the world at large. After intimating that he thought the General Council should be in communication with all kindred societies abroad, such as the Music Teacher's National Association in America, the Allgemeine Deutsche Musikverein in Germany, &c., Mr. Stratton urged on the profession to "keep brightly burning the pure flame of art, to exhibit it to the world in its noblest aspect, and to keep it from the vagaries and wantonness of fashion and the soul-destroying effects of patronage." The writer considered as detrimental to progress of art the continual rush of concert parties through the country, and advocated a system of "exchange" between members of the Society in the matter of engagements for concerts and the like. Mr. Stratton further recommended the publication of a catalogue of compositions of merit by British subjects, and after glancing at the deadness of English opera, represented by the fact that we have but one permanent company, viz., the "Carl Rosa," he went on to advise the calling of a conference of the best English musicians to decide and regulate matters concerning notation, and to bring a little order into the truly chaotic state of our musical terminology. Mr. Stratton's papers were much applauded, and on the motion of the Secretary, seconded by Mr. A. Page, F.C.O., it was decided to print the same at the expense of the Section, so that all who may desire to see these interesting essays can do so. The pamphlet

may be obtained from the Secretary of this Section, 160, Utttoxeter Road, Derby. Price 3d., post free.

On Saturday, April 3rd, the inauguration of the South-Eastern Section took place at Charing Cross Hotel, London, the General Secretary attending on behalf of the Society. There was a very good meeting, and the following gentlemen were elected for office :—Sectional Council : Dr. Arnold, Mr. H. C. Bannister, Mr. F. H. Cowen, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Dr. Frost, Mr. A. Gilbert, M.R.A.M., Dr. E. J. Hopkins, Mr. C. Warwick Jordan, Mus.B., Mr. A. King, Mus.B., F.C.O., Dr. Longhurst, Mr. W. G. McNaught, A.R.A.M., Mr. E. Prout, Mr. Humphrey Stark, Mus.B., Mr. C. E. Stephens, and Mr. E. H. Thorne. Delegates to Central Council : Mr. W. H. Cummings and Mr. C. E. Stephens. Sub-Delegates : Mr. E. Prout and Mr. A. Gilbert. Hon. Secretary : Mr. A. Gilbert. Hon. Treasurer : Mr. C. E. Stephens.

In the North Midland Section the following elections to membership have been made during the past three months :—Mr. Arthur F. Burton, Brighton ; Mr. W. Norman Roe, Brighton ; Mr. Monk Gould, Portsmouth ; Mr. W. Kuhe, Brighton ; Mr. J. Crapps, F.C.O., Brighton ; Mr. A. White, Cuckfield, Sussex ; Mr. W. A. Langston, Birmingham ; Mr. W. G. Halliley, Birmingham ; Mr. R. T. Livings, Birmingham ; Mr. E. J. Chadfield, Derby ; Mr. Herbert Newbould, Derby ; and Mr. W. Stansfield, Dudley.

A. F. SMITH, Mus. B.,
Hon. Sec.